D71600

MAYFAIR

£1.00
NORTH AMERICA $3.25

AUSTRIA 55.00 A. SH
CANARY ISLANDS 375 PTAS
DENMARK 24.50 KR
FINLAND 20.00 FM.
FRANCE 28.50 NF
GERMANY 11.00 DM
HOLLAND 7.90 FL
ITALY 5.000 L
NORWAY 27.00 KR
SPAIN 350 PTAS
SWITZERLAND 6.80 SFR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 18 No. 10

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY:
BOND BIRD KIM MILLS BARES ALL

SONS OF A GUN:
THE INFANTRYMAN AND HIS RIFLE

NORTHERN BELLE:
IT'S NEWCASTLE'S NICEST NUDE

HANDSOME CABS:
AMERICA'S COLOURFUL TRUCKS

NUBILE NINA:
THE GIRL YOU'VE ASKED TO SEE

EXPLORING UPPER THIGHLAND:
A YOUNG MAN'S FIRST SEXUAL ENCOUNTERS

OUT OF HER RIG:
IT'S OUR SEXIEST WINDSURFER

WHAT A LAYOUT:
IT'S OUR CUTEST COMMERCIAL ARTIST

FANTASTIC NEW OFFER:
SEXY SILK LINGERIE FOR HER

WIN A £2,000 VIDEO AND CAMERA IN OUR GREAT COMPETITION

Cover: Model, Nikki Clarke.

MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Vol. 18. No. 10 ABC net paid circulation 323,826

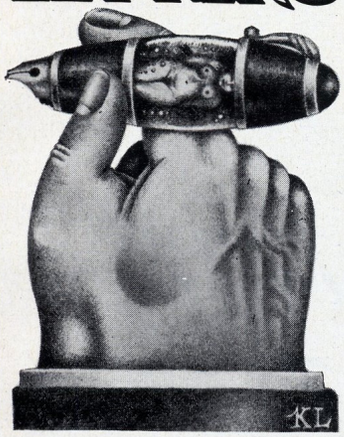
Luscious Lee Ann, page 51. *Handsome heavyweights, page 62.*

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES			page
Sons of a Gun:	Rifling through the past with the British infantry weapon	*Peter Chantree*	42
Exploring Upper Thighland:	First sexual experiences recalled	*Paul Cannon*	72
Aslan's Angels:	Another masterpiece from France's top erotic artist		97
Carrie:	A failed audition, but Carrie's best part's still to come	*Steve Kingston*	112
GIRLS			
Georgie:	A hairstylist, and our perm favourite	*Denys DeFrancesco*	14
Nina Pickersgill:	Reprise for a readers' favourite	*Peter Flodquist*	32
Lee Ann:	A chess buff you'd love to check over	*Donald Milne*	51
Jenny:	Hey there, Geordie girl!	*Richard Bierman*	68
Betty:	Our playful play-leader	*Roy Brewington*	80
Kim Mills:	For your eyes only, another Bond bird bared	*Mario Marnoto*	102
HUMOUR			
Getting Up to Breakfast TV:	The early morning turn-on	*Peter Maddocks*	25
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Our round-up of your choice jokes		77
INFORMERS			
Motoring:	On the trail of American trucks	*Andrew Morland*	62
Quest:	Girls who prefer their men to be on top		87
FICTION			
Dreams of a Young Girl:	From a book, her sexual longings were awoken	*Jeremy Bore*	20
COMPETITIONS	£2,000 worth of Panasonic video equipment to be won		45
SPECIAL OFFERS	**Jigsaws** page 66/ **Calendar** page 100/ **Diary** page 100/ **Sensational Silk Lingerie** page 101/ **Best of Mayfair** page 110		
READER SERVICES	**Letters** page 13/ **Book Society** page 24/ **Back Numbers** page 30/ **Photo Service** page 78/ **Binders** page 92/ **Film Club** page 93/ **Subscription Details** page 94		
CRITICS	**Discs, Eating Out**		28

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Deputy Editor **Peter Wilton** / Art Editor **Kenneth Sims** / Features Editor **Martin Burr** / Chief Sub-Editor **Clive Harris** Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Clubs **Kenneth Dowd** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Adrian Walker**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright - Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

LETTERS



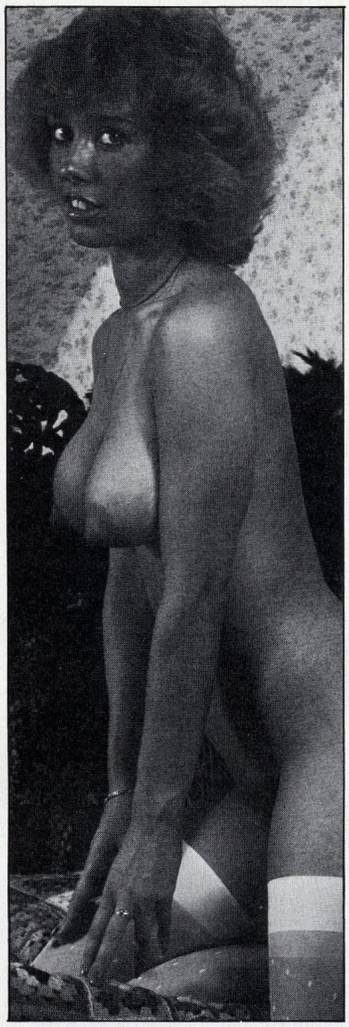
You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I must congratulate you on your excellent series, *The Girls You've Asked to See.* Your first two, Jackie Jones and Janine Andrews were certainly girls that I would ask to see again and again. Just who have you got lined up for us next, I wonder? On second thoughts, it might ruin the surprise.
J Walker, Liverpool

In his book, *The Nude*, Sir Kenneth Clark, later Lord Clark, the art historian opens with these words.
'The English language with its elaborate generosity, distinguishes between the naked and the nude. To be naked is to be deprived of clothes, and the word implies some of the embarrassment which most of us feel in that condition. The word nude on the other hand carries in educated usage no uncomfortable overtone. The vague image it projects into the mind is not of a huddled defenceless body but of a balanced, prosperous and confident body . . .'
How well those words are, in my opinion, illustrated by your Vol 18 No 5. Pamela Sue Martin is simply naked, but Susie Mainwaring is something else. Obviously she revels in displaying her marvellous body.
PC, Piaeus, Greece

I have just finished reading Vol 18 No 7 complete with the stunning Louise. She is amazing. Her nipples are almost like ice cream cones!
Could you please answer a question for me. I bet £5 that it



was Louise we saw in a film called *The Perils of Mandy*, but a friend reckons it wasn't her. Can you tell me whether it was and how about another opportunity to enjoy those beautiful nipples.
DB, Lancs

Congratulations, buy yourself a drink, your sharpness has won you £5. It was the lovely Louise Cohen in The Perils of Mandy. *She played the secretary and one or two other minor roles as well. Here's a quick glimpse of her magnificent body as it appeared in* Mayfair.

Laughable Landlords? There are millions of them. Mr O'Hanlon's article mentioned a few but perhaps I could add a couple more to your collection in Vol 18 No 8.
The trickiest pub I know is in Shropshire where the landlady is extremely deaf, not to mention forgetful. To make matters worse, the bar is extremely large. Attracting her attention is difficult enough, but even after she has waddled up to you arthritically, your problems have only just begun. Unsuspecting customers can be seen repeating, 'A pint of bitter, please,' over and over again. Eventually, by them pointing to the tap, she gets the message, and makes her way towards it, and says, 'A pint was it?', and then starts pouring. Half way through, she forgets whether you wanted a pint or a half or a black and tan, and the whole charade starts again. Last orders are chaotic.
My favourite barman was without a doubt, George (named changed) who has long since left an excellent pub called the *Black Horse* in Aston, Birmingham. He was a subscriber to the view that his pub was only spoiled by the repeated interuption of customers. So he did his best to discourage them. People he disliked he was openly rude to. Greetings like, 'What do you want, arsehole?' 'What, another packet of crisps, gannet?' were common. He further added insult to injury by only stocking drinks that he liked. This limited his range of alcohol severely since his diet consisted almost entirely of mild. Ordering usually went like this:
'A pint of lager, two bitters and a vodka, please.'
'I've got mild.'
'I know, but I'd like a pint of lager –'
'Go on, have mild.'
'I don't like mild.'
'You'll like this.'
'No, I want a pint of lager, two bitters and a vodka, please.'
'Oh alright.'
Even after this grudging acceptance, you had to watch out. It was not uncommon for you to still get three pints of mild and a small spirit glass also containing the sweet dark beer.
My final candidate was the landlord of a pub in Norfolk who closed Sunday lunchtime. We drove up to the pub, unaware of his unusual opening times, and when we found the door locked, started knocking. After several attempts, two little shutters opened upstairs, and an old man leaned out.
'What do you want?' he demanded.
'Are you open?' we asked hopefully.
'No, go away!'
'But, but,' my friend stammered, 'why not? Afterall, look at all the passing trade. You could make a fortune, doing lunches that sort of thing.' The old man stared at him with obvious anger.
'Look, mate, I don't open Sundays, and I don't have to neither.' Slam! The shutters closed. That was his final word.
I think our pubs and publicans are probably one of the best and certainly most entertaining of our national institutions.
S Smith, Harrogate

It was gratifying to read Mr Boddy's article, *The Pick of De Tomasos* in Vol 18 No 8. For many years, De Tomasos have been the neglected member of the 'Supercar' brigade. As the writer says, the names that automatically spring to mind are Ferrari, Maserati, and Lamborghini. In fact De Tomaso, the Pantera in particular, have a great deal to offer those seeking a high level of performance without a similarly high maintenance cost.
The oft-scorned Ford Cleveland V8 engine is not only capable of delivering large amounts of torque and horsepower compared with more exotic dual overhead camshaft V8's and V12's, but also an enviable degree of reliability. Consequently the purchase of a De Tomaso, especially second hand, is not such a risky business as buying other very sophisticated engined cars.
As a Pantera owner, I regard the purchase I made one of my better decisions. As liaison officer for the De Tomaso Drivers Club, and also the compiler of the recently formed register, I would advise anyone interested in buying one to contact me.
Not only is the club a valuable source of information, but we also can advise you where cars are for sale. In fact at the time of writing examples of all three cars featured in the article are on the market.
Many thanks for an excellent feature and a consistently good magazine.
Rodney Hunter, London SW6

At last somebody has stuck up for us smokers. I was getting very fed up with everyone saying that smoking is some form of oral contraceptive – that is to say sexually repulsive. It can be done in a very sensual way, witness Lauren Bacall in the Forties. So I say three cheers to Paul Keers for his piece *Smoking is my Smouldering Passion* in Vol 18 No 7. Mind you fellow smokers

turn to page 108

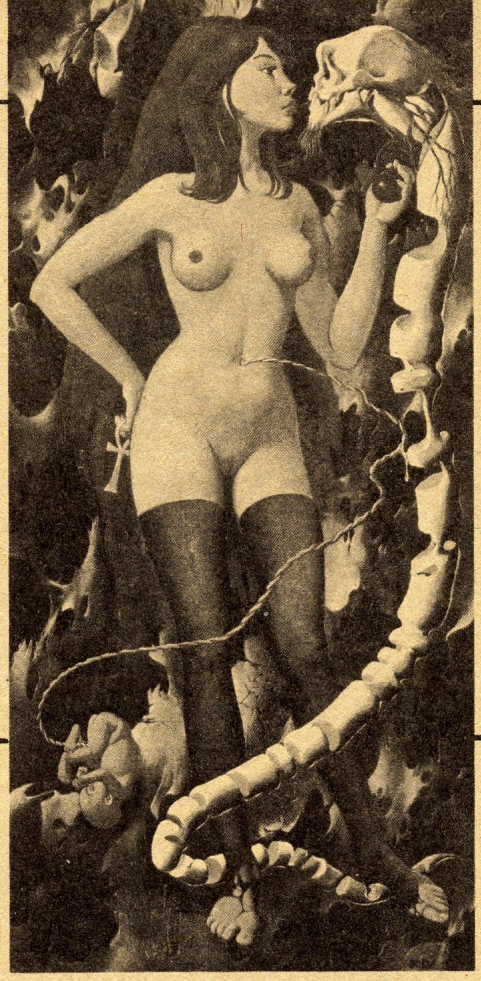
Georgie

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DENYS DE FRANCESCO

Just mention Oxford Street to Georgie King, and our voluptuous 23-year-old is likely to blush with the memory of a recent embarrassment. 'It all happened in that hot spell. I'd come down from Manchester with a couple of pals for a few days in London, sightseeing and shopping. One day it was so humid I just wore a pair of shorts and a bikini-style top. Unfortunately the top was new, and just not up to keeping my 38D-cup boobs in check.' Georgie threw out an arm to hail a cab, and the top just gave out and fell off. 'Everybody walking by had a ring-side view of my boobs as I was so stunned it took me a while to pull myself together, literally. Luckily, though, a cab stopped, and I just retreated into it.'

Just for the record, Georgie's full measurements are 38-24-36, and she is proud of her figure. 'I like having big boobs because whatever people say, guys like them. And I like guys. Some girls make bitchy remarks about them, but who cares. I'm the one who got the most attention when I went topless on the beach last year. And I'm in great demand by all the male customers.'

A fully-qualified stylist, Georgie works in a local hairdresser's. For relaxation she loves to spend the weekend camping. 'There's nothing like sleeping under canvas with a boyfriend to cuddle to keep me warm.' On one occasion a playful romp became a little too energetic and the tent pole was kicked over. 'It collapsed around our ears, but even that didn't stop us carrying on.'



SPECIAL REDUCTION

The Mayfair Book Society

20th CENTURY MASTERS OF EROTIC ART

Through a special publisher's discount, we can offer this truly magnificent full-colour coffee table edition at the unbelievable price of just £10.50. *Masters of Erotic Art*, contains 163 newly photographed works, many of which are seen here publicly for the first time. See Igor Mead's erotically detailed close-ups of the female vagina, Picasso's highly arousing study of cunnilingus, Dos Figuras y un Gato. This the the book with pictures that we dare not print.

Price £10.50

THE ART OF EROTIC SEDUCTION

We have obtained at a special price a limited number of copies of this classic work on the art of seduction. It means we can offer it at a bargain rate. Packed with fascinating and helpful information, this invaluable volume takes you through stage by stage, from making contact to overcoming resistance, and the final giving and getting of complete sexual satisfaction.

Price £4.50

THE PILLOW BOOK

Here at last is the British edition of a masterpiece of Far Eastern erotica containing more than 300 highly original and highly arousing 'naughty pictures'. This book is sure to add a new and stirring dimension to all of your sexual activities regardless of whether you share its contents with your partner or choose to linger over its pleasures at your own leisure as you savour the sensual visual delights gathered from all over the world which are often banned or closeted in private collections.

Price £6.70

To Mayfair Book Society, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2.
Please send me the books I have ticked.

Masters of Erotic Art £10.50	☐	Dear Doc £3.00	☐
The Art of Erotic Seduction £4.50	☐	Complete Book of Sexual Love £13.80	☐
The Pillow Book £6.70	☐	Sexual Techniques £5.80	☐
How to Last Longer £9.85	☐		

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Cheque/PO for £.....enclosed. Date.....

Orders clearly printed with name and address on plain paper are acceptable. Prices include postage and packing and books are sent under plain cover. M1810

HOW TO LAST LONGER

Here is the book that everyone has been waiting for! *How to Last Longer* graphically illustrates how slight variations in attitude and technique can improve your performance and lead to a much more satisfying sex-life. By following author Michael Castleman's advice you will gradually gain in confidence and become the accomplished lover you have always hoped to be. *How to Last Longer* contains a wealth of illustrations, and chapters deal with, among other things, Obstacles to Problem-Free Lovemaking, How to Deal with Erection Problems and Non-ejaculation and What Turns Women On – and Off. *How to Last Longer* is a must for any man who wishes to give his partner more within a loving relationship.

Price £9.85

DEAR DOC

Through a bulk purchase we can offer Dr David Delvin's *Dear Doc* at the incredible bargain price of £3 which means we are covering the postal costs ourselves. *Dear Doc* is a hardback book and contains the detailed and explicit answers to the 150 or so questions that Dr Delvin is most asked about sex. These reassuring answers – enhanced by the frankest of illustrations – deal with problems that can beset both men and women. Dr Delvin explains how to overcome inexperience, impotence, offers advice on penile length, and even anal sex.

Price £3.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE

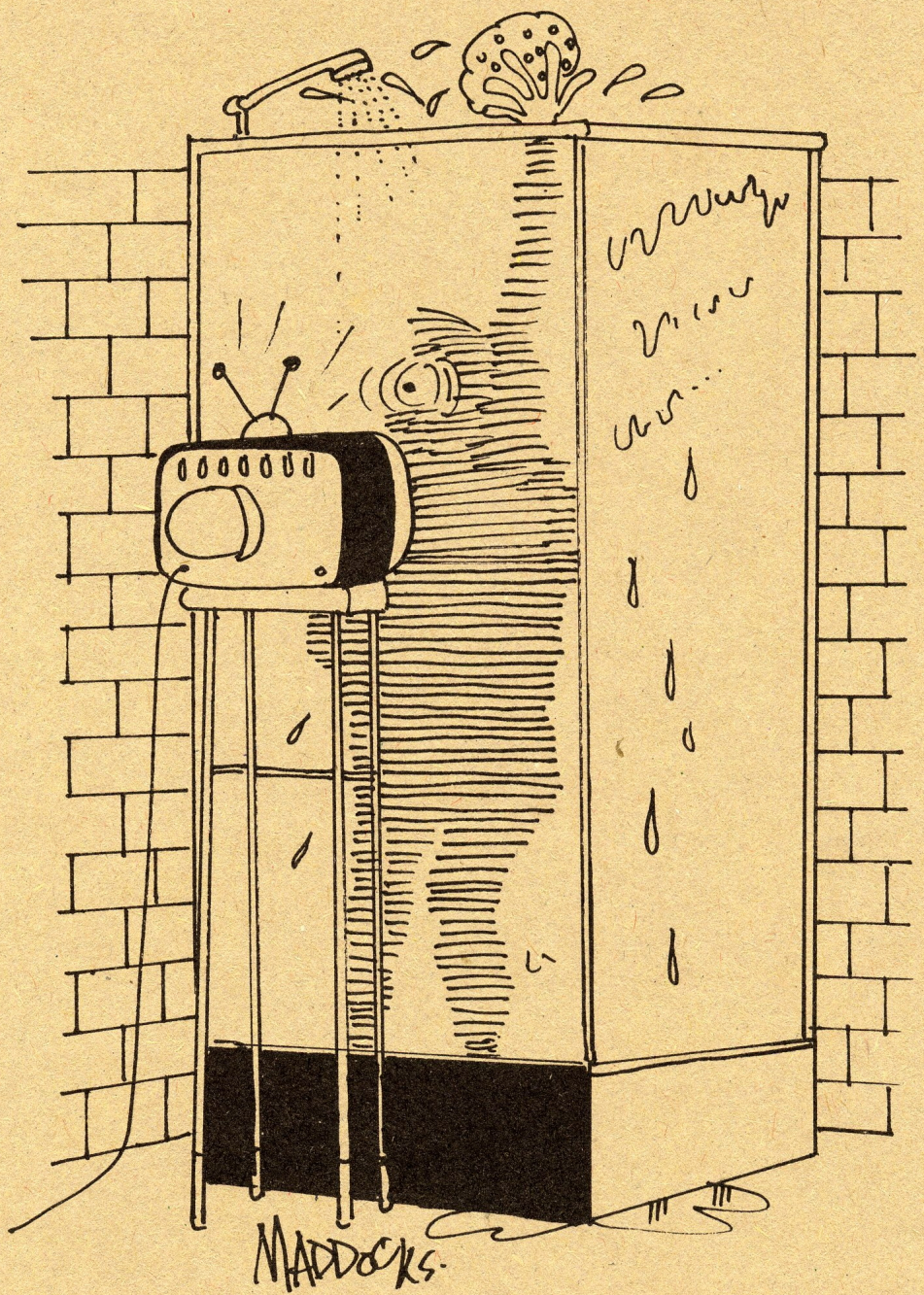
Packed with over 500 illustrations, some of a most explicit nature, this book is a virtual encyclopaedia on all aspects of sexual love. Easy to read chapters deal with different positions for intercourse, fetishism, sexual aids, different forms of birth control and homosexuality plus many other topics. The authors, Susan and Stuart Holroyd, smash through many of the myths that surround sex associated with our society and will help you or your partner achieve a new sexual awareness.

Price £13.80

SEXUAL TECHNIQUES

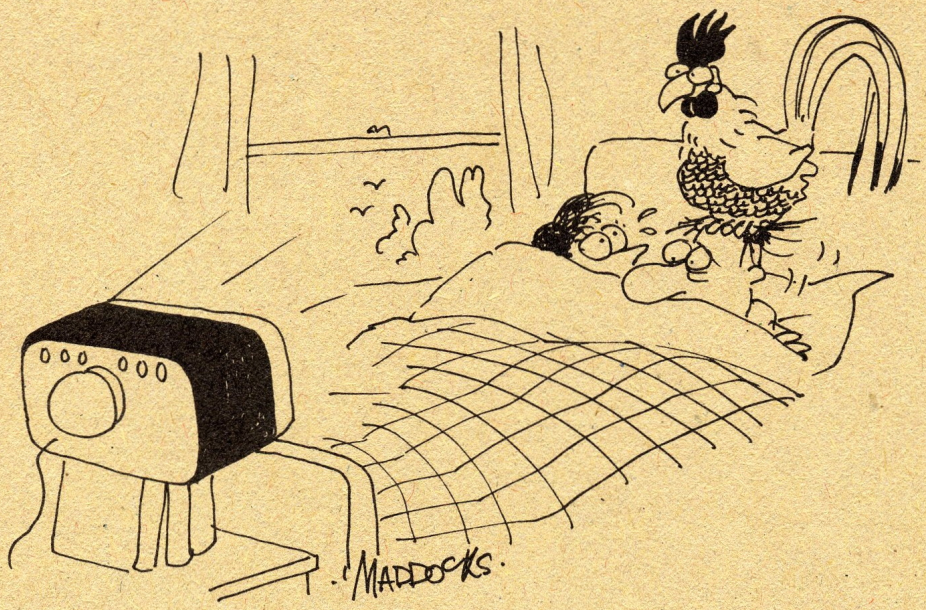
Unquestionably our most popular book of all time. Thousands of *Mayfair* readers will readily testify to the enormous and lasting impact that *Sexual Techniques* has made upon their lives. In 42 full page photographs a young man and a beautiful girl demonstrate separate love-making positions. In the accompanying text, Mogens Toft discusses ways of positioning and moving the body to regulate orgasmic pleasure. The pictures show how the girl manipulates her own and her partner's erotogenic zones simultaneously with intercourse to induce heightened pleasure. They show how parts of the body can be fondled and caressed during intercourse and how thrusting movements of the legs, thighs and body can increase satisfaction.

Price £5.80

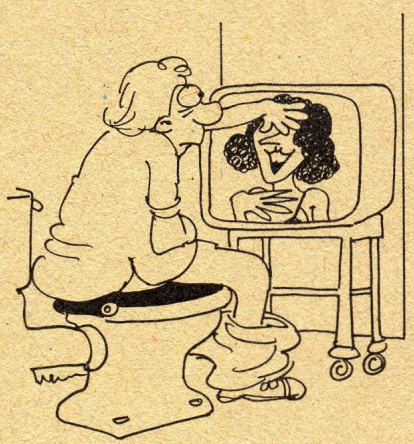


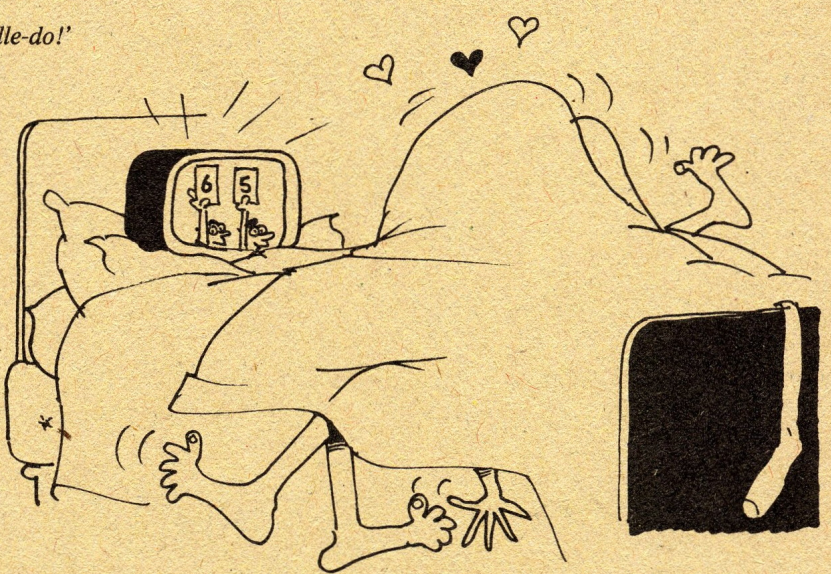
Breakfast TV—the early morning turn-on

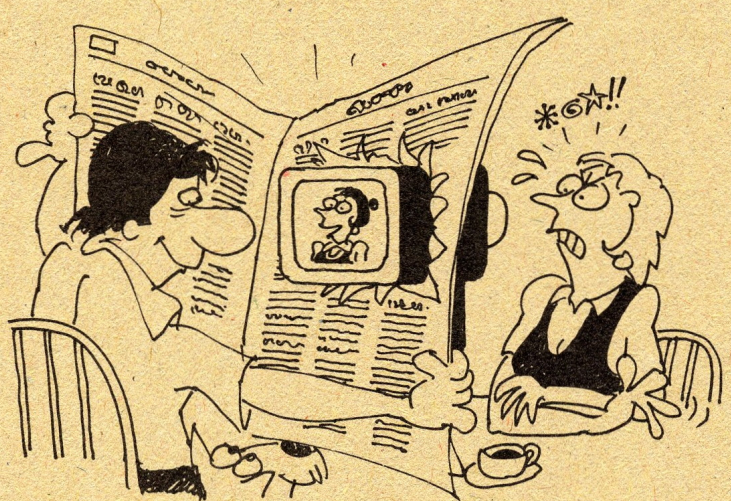
With breakfast television nearing
its first anniversary, cartoonist Peter Maddocks
believes in being an early riser

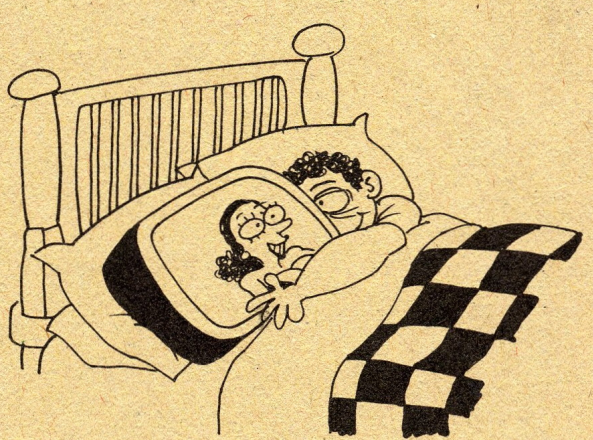


'Welcome viewers – cock-a-doodle-do!'

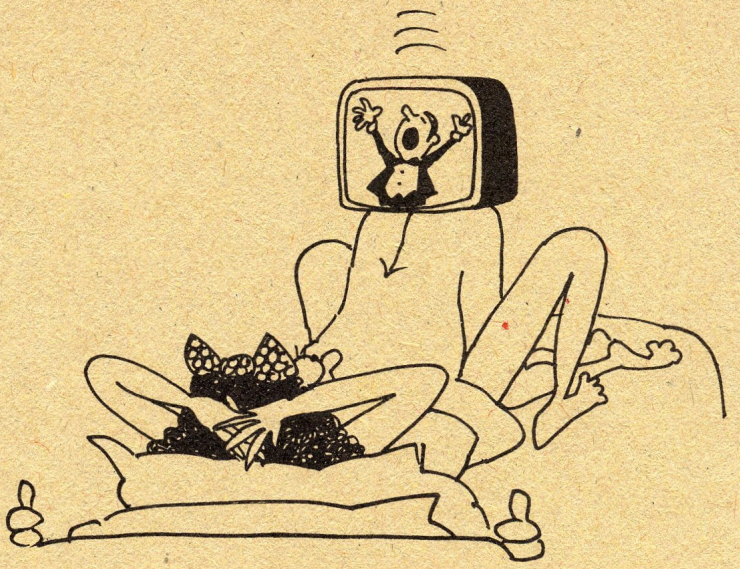


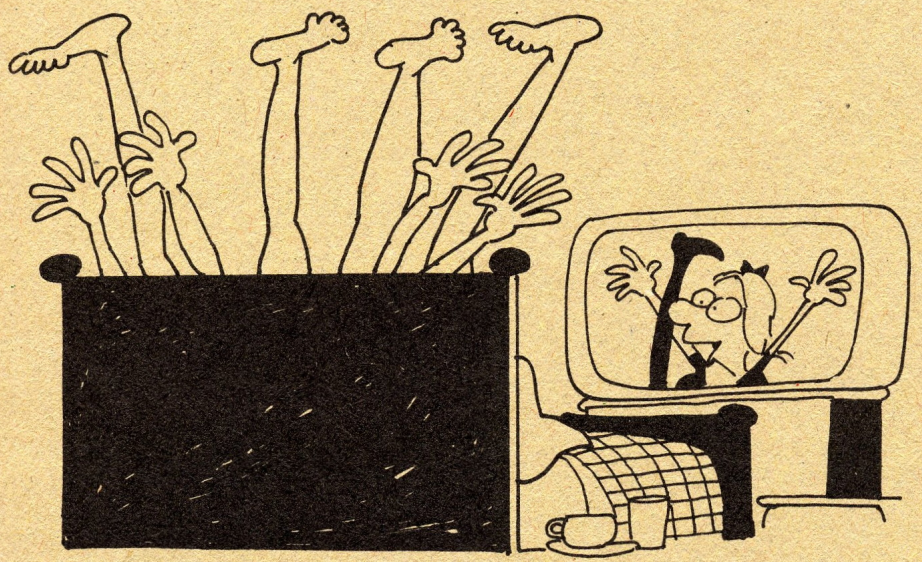




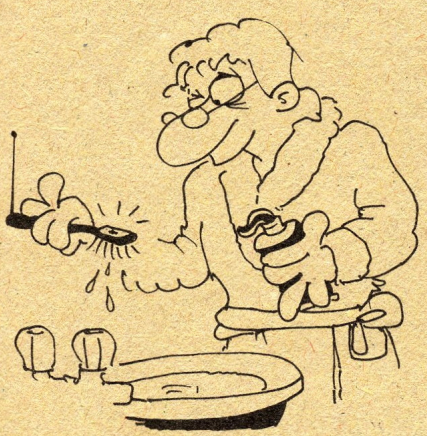


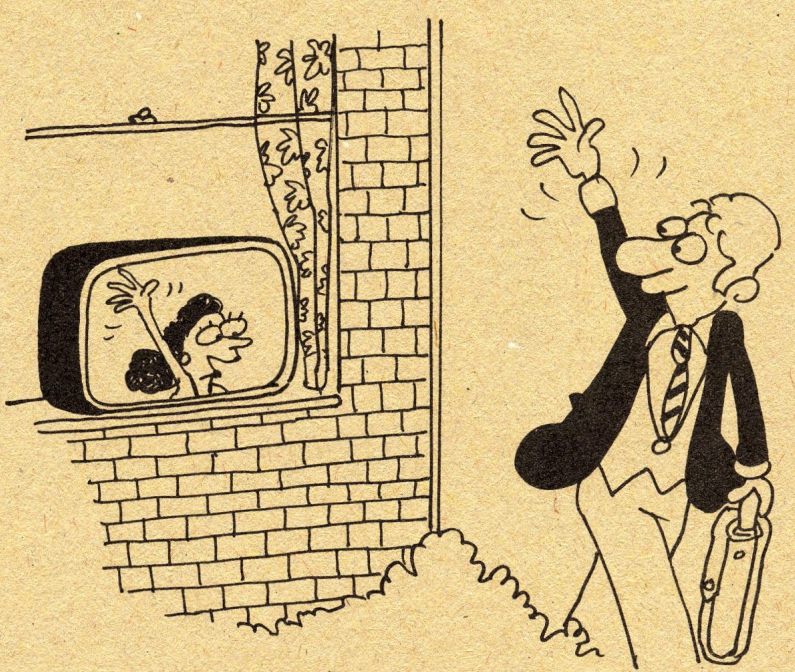
'Good morning . . .'





'Now, you keep-fitters, arms up . . . legs up . . .'





'And have a good day at the office, dear . . .'

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Take three of the world's greatest acoustic guitarists and you could have a recipe for disaster if it turned into a battle of the virtuosos. But on **Passion Grace and Fire** (Philips) the three giants of the fretboard play together superbly. John McLaughlin, from England, Al DiMeola, from the USA, and Spaniard Paco DeLucia have produced an album where all three talents are combined in a breathtaking display of skill and feeling for the music. Each compliments the others' styles and each has contributed two songs to this flamenco styled production. And it is recorded digitally so each note can be heard clearly.

Another guitar great is Eric Clapton, and his talents can be heard to the full on a compilation album from RSO, **Strange Brew – the Very Best of Cream.** Cream were only in existence from July 1966 to November 1968, but they changed the face of rock music and their better known tracks are all included: *Crossroads, White Room, Spoonful* and *Sunshine of Your Love.* Clapton, Jack Bruce, bass, and Ginger Baker, drums, combined to make a unique sound which is as fresh today as it was 16 years ago in the band's heyday.

Billie Holliday is possibly the all-time great when it comes to female jazz singers. Now CBS have released one of her classic albums from 1958, **Lady in Satin.** This marks a change from Billie's usual style for here she is accompanied by the orchestra, strings and voices of the Ray Ellis orchestra. Apparently she heard them and decided she wanted to record with them. The result is, as one would expect, excellent, and the outstanding tracks for me are Rogers and Hart's *Glad to be Unhappy*, and Hoagey Carmichael's *I Get Along Without You Very Well.*

Stepping back even further in time, the Pasadena Roof Orchestra play loving tribute to the songs of the twenties and thirties on their album of the same name on Spot. They were formed in 1969 when leader John Arthy found in an attic a horde of arrangements for hot dance music which had lain hidden for years. Now the Pasadenas are the first 11-piece orchestra to take to the road since the thirties, and they play all over Europe. The album contains such standards as *Puttin' on the Ritz, Yes Sir, That's My Baby,* and *There's a Rainbow Round my Shoulder.* Superb nostalgia which makes you want to leap up and charleston round the living room. While you're in the mood for dancing, try the **Wired for Clubs** compilation from Phonogram. It contains long disco-mix tracks from such established artistes as the Bar-Kays, Con-Funk-Shun and Stephanie Mills, none of which have ever been released before in the UK. Stick this on your turntable at a party and you'll funk till you drop.

At the end of a party when you're relaxing on the sofa with a large brandy in your hand and a girl on your lap, there could be nothing better to set the mood than Ben Watt's album, **North Marine Drive** (Cherry Red). Ben sings and plays his way through a series of gentle, well-crafted songs with a lilting bossa nova beat guaranteed to relax anyone. He plays acoustic guitar and piano, and is accompanied by the excellent alto sax of Peter King. Ben wrote eight of the songs himself, and Bob Dylan's *You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go* is given the unique Watt treatment. You will probably never have heard of Ben Watt, but play the album and you'll be pleasantly surprised.

Divine is well known for being the 300-pound transvestite star of John Waters' hilarious bad-taste films like Female Trouble and Pink Flamingoes where she/he achieved instant notoriety by eating real dog muck in the final scene. Now a personality in her own right, Divine has taken to making personal appearances in clubs, doing standup comedy and singing. PRT records have just released her first album, **Jungle Jezebel** which contains such classics of the double entendre as *Kick Your Butt* and *Shoot Your Shot*, with the lyrics:

You Got What I want,
You Got What I Need,
Shoot Your Shot.

The songs are all performed to a pounding disco beat produced by Bobby Orlando. The superb cover photo of Divine is alone worth the price of the album.

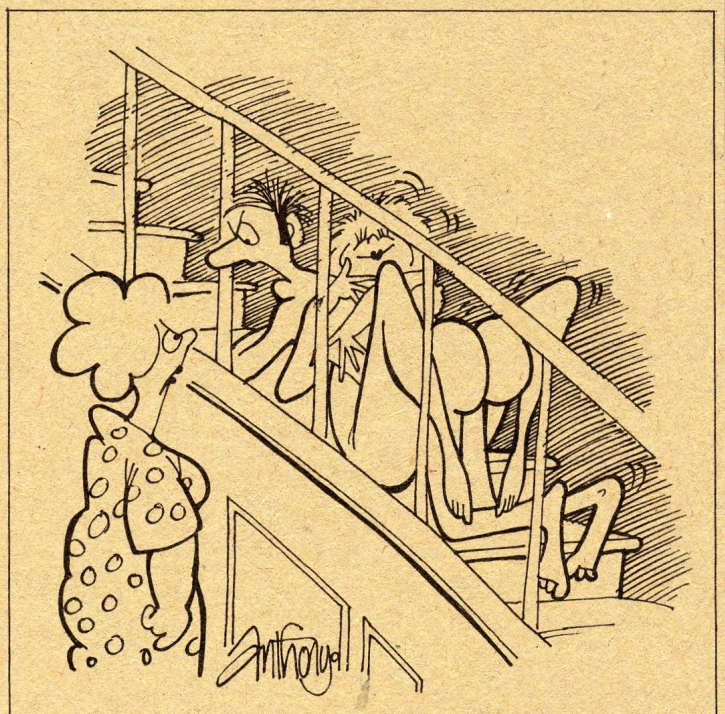
Steve Miller has been around since the sixties, producing a string of classic albums. Now his latest group have released a live recording, **The Steve Miller Band Live.** Recorded in Detroit, Michigan, the seven-piece line-up includes the excellent harmonica player Norton Buffalo, and they work their way through Steve Miller standards from early classics like *Living in the USA* and *Gangster of Love* to the recent hits such as *Abracadabra, Fly Like an Eagle* and *Jungle Love.* The recording quality is better than on most live albums, and the music is vibrant and exciting. An excellent rock album.

Anyone who remembers the early fifties will no doubt recall the name Johnny Ray who hit big time with his megahit *Cry.* Spot have released **The Best of Johnny Ray** which contains 16 better known songs featuring his plaintive emotional voice and his distinctive style. They include *Just Walking in the Rain, Look Homeward Angel, All of Me,* the up-tempo *Yes Tonight, Josephine,* and, of course, *Cry.* A great reminder of the era of bobysoxers, ponytails and jive.

Anyone who saw Francis Coppola's touching love story, **One from the Heart,** will want the film's soundtrack. Written by the gravel-voiced Tom Waits, and sung by him and Crystal Gayle, the songs tell of the bitterness, the joy and the heartbreak of a relationship. The music stands on its own even if you haven't seen the film, and specially touching is the reconciliation song, *Take Me Home.*

The Beat recently had a huge hit with their version of the Andy Williams song *Can't Get Used to Losing You.* This is included on the 15-track compilation album **What Is Beat?** (Ariola). A collection of their greatest hits, it includes all their best-known numbers like *Tears of a Clown, Mirror in the Bathroom* and *Twist and Crawl.* A good light-hearted record which, with its poppy tunes and choppy rhythms, is ideal for a party. It comes with a free album of remixed versions of some of the hits.

Regular readers will know the esteem in which I hold the evergreen Cliff Richard. Lately there has been a plethora of Cliff records, new albums and re-releases. **Dressed for the Occasion** (EMI) is a live album recorded at London's Albert Hall, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Richard Hewson. I maintain that Cliff is at his best singing plain old rock and roll, and so it is a pleasure to listen to 'live' versions of *We Don't Talk Anymore, Miss You Nights, Devil Woman* and *Green Light.* There is very little one can say about Cliff, save that he never cheats an audience, and gives his all in every performance, whether on record or in concert. Here is the best of both worlds. Personally, I can't wait for the next album from this polished performer.



'Make up your mind, woman! – First you say I'm not allowed any girls in my room . . .'

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL

Saucy Suzie Burton (Vol. 14 No. 12) is just one of the nude delights who are awaiting you in our five issue bargain offer. For £2.75 enjoy Vol. 13 Nos 8 and 9 and Vol. 14 Nos 2, 4 and 12.

Other back numbers available include:

Vol. 13 No. 8 (Sheffield's nudest lady lawyer, Spraycan cars) £1.05; 9 (Our cute clairvoyant, Vintage tractors) £1.05; 11 (Nude Miss England finalist, Lust in Liverpool) £1.10; Vol. 14 No. 2 (Nude Nurse Kay, Japanese battleships) £1.05; 3 (David Bowie's nudest co-star, Vauxhall Chevette) £1.05; 4 (Adorable Adele, Ark Royal) £1.20; 8 (Seafaring Sue, Airships) £1.20; 9 (Nude Miss Denmark, Lord Cardigan) £1.20; 10 (Pam, Birth of the SAS) £1.25; 11 (Notts Forest's sexiest supporter, Guy Fawkes) £1.25; 12 (Nude Young Liberal, Steam train illustrations) £2.20; Vol. 15 Nos. 2 (Alison, BSAs) £1.20; 3 ('Dawson Watch' girl, Hitler's V-weapons) £1.20; 4 (Bank Manager's daughter, Vampire Countess) £1.25; 5 (Fiona, Malta siege) £1.20; 6 (Jo, the Heineken nude, Henry Segrave) £1.20; 7 (Angelic Annabel, The man who stole the Crown Jewels) £1.20; 8 (Saucy Sally, Lost locos of Barry Island) £1.20; 9 (Vivacious Viv – the nude from the Royal Shakespeare Theatre) £1.20; 10 (Nudest boxing fan, Victorian erotic literature) £1.25; 11 (Top model Helle, Scrambling) £1.25; 12 (Big 200 page issue, Girls of Year 15-page review) £2.20; Vol. 16 No. 1 ("Sun" girl Stephanie, Sweeney Todd) £1.30; 2 (The Luscious Landlady, Armstrong Siddeleys) £1.30; 3 (Schoolgirl Anne, Black Day in Sarajevo) £1.30; 4 (Pippa from the Mirror, Shrewsbury train crash horror) £1.30; 5 (Motorcycling Marilyn, Bayonets) £1.30; 6 (Queen's hairdresser, MG Magic) £1.30; 7 (Policeman's nudest daughter, MG Midgets) £1.30; 8 (Yanez, Big Bentleys) £1.30; 9 (Susie from Sherborne School, Powerboats) £1.30; 11 (Jannie from Page Three, Gymslip Capers) £1.30; 12 (Top 40 girls of the Year, Britain's most haunted house) £1.90; Vol. 17 No. 1 (Saucy Frankie from the burger bar, Sealed Knot) £1.30; 2 (The girl who stripped on TV's "OTT", St Valentine's Day massacre) £1.30; 3 (Erica: the Twickenham streaker, American riverboats) £1.30; 4 (Delicious Debbie Boyland, Billy Bishop: VC air ace) £1.30; 5 (Janet from the Kennel Club, How the world's greatest illusionist died) £1.30; 6 ('Miss Nude UK' finalist, Bogus Beasts) £1.30; 7 (Bonnie Langford look-alike, Sex-mad Rasputin) £1.30; 8 (Joanie Alum nude, Windsurfing wizards) £1.30; 9 (Aslan the World's best erotic artist, Amorous Anne Markham) £1.30; 11 (Tula the James Bond sex-change starlet, Jensens) £1.30; 12 (Biggest ever issue, the Most Beautiful Girl we've seen) £2.25; Vol. 18 No 1. (Verona: TV's glamorous grandmother, Barnes Wallis) £1.45; 2 (16-year-old Louise, Lindbergh) £1.45; 3 (38-24-35 Marie, Girl gladiators) £1.45; 4 (Continental star Sybille Rauch, Gurkhas) £1.45; 5 ('Dynasty' star, Hot rods) £1.45; 6 (Nude Miss Weymouth, Hendon's historic aircraft) £1.45; 7 (Bond beauties – Maud Adams, Joni Flynn, and Camella Thomas) £1.45; 8 (Jackie Jones, Janine Andrews) £1.45; 9 (Sian Adey Jones, Ernst Udet) £1.45; Best of Mayfair, No 1, £1.90; Best of Mayfair No 2, £2.

To; Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me your bargain offer and/or these separate issues .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper.

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £ .....

Reg. London No. 875169 M1810

EATING OUT

Brian O'Hanlon

When a place is described as 'touristy', I avoid it like the plague. But some places, although tourist-earmarked, survive in spite of them. One in particular is **The Angel** at Rotherhithe, on the south bank of the Thames in the widening crook east of Tower Bridge. It is an excellent old, historical pub, with a really first class restaurant on the top floor, and smartly run by dapper Welshman, Derek Davies and his charming wife, Joanna. The restaurant has been taken back to its original blackened beams, and all wall plasters stripped away. The result is a pleasing, genuine Tudor-style room, L-shaped, with the first set of tables running along by the window. I am making this venue one of my trenchermen's restaurants of 1983. My steak & kidney pudding was vast, and the meat so fresh and tasty, that I would not have ordered the monster jacket potato with my leeks had I known there is only one size for customers here – outsize. My avocado was so ripe that a blunt knife could have pared it, and the prawns were another goodly portion. I enjoyed a half bottle of Aligote with my lunch (£2.90) which was served chambrè, as it instructed on the label. *The Angel's* restaurant is closed Sunday and Monday nights and Saturday and Sunday lunch-times. Do ring to ensure a table before you go. The number is *01-237 3608*. *The Angel* dates back to the 15th century when the first inn on this site was kept by the monks at Bermondsey Priory.

I don't go to **Jimmie's Wine Bar** at the bottom of *Kensington Church Street, Kensington, W8 (01-937 9988)* because it is close to my London flat, and I have too many chums who use it already. But I did pop in for five minutes the other day. *Jimmie's* is one of London's most highly successful wine bars serving food. It is housed in what were once the stables for Kensington Barracks, which it is beside, and was opened eight years ago by ex-Cold-streamer, Jimmy James, with his wife, Carolyn. The original stable cobbles still remain with a very long bar placed against one wall and church pew-type benches at right angles. At night-time there is guitar playing on top of the old bunker at the far end. There are two price levels. Evenings are 10p to 20p more expensive per item, but there is a genuine half-priced Happy Hour between 5.30 and 6.30 when a bottle of the house wine costs just £2.45. *Jimmie's* opens pub hours, seven days a week. All the food is prepared and cooked on the premises, manager, Sammy, told me. Roast lamb & two veg, gammon, poached salmon, partridge – £1.95 to £2.50. A T-bone steak is available at £3.85, plus daily hot joints, cold cuts, and house specials such as their burgers (£1.20) and sausages (90p).

Fay Maschler, *The Standard's* food and wine critic, heaped such praise on a newly opened Greek taverna restaurant that I thought I had better go along and find out about it for myself. It is the **Apollonia Restaurant and Taverna** at *17a Percy Street, W1*, which is off the Tottenham Court Road. (*Tel: 01-636 4140*). Open seven days a week, the Taverna starts at 6pm, and goes on until 1am, the restaurant straight through from noon (weekdays). There are traditional Greek dancers downstairs, plate smashing (£3 for a dozen unglazed). The restaurant is a delightful warm red with matching diamond table cloths and wall murals showing Greek scenes. You may order a *Mezedes* (many courses at the same time which come in small portions) for £4.75 (for a minimum of two people) or else have a plate of *Lounza* (£1.10) which is smoked pork fillet, marinated in wine. Follow it with charcoal grilled steaks and lamb chops, *Shashlik* or *Sheftalia*, and they do a really first class Greek salad (75p) of Fetta goat's milk cheese, olives, tomatoes, cucumber, onions, laced with olive oil and vinegar. There are also plenty of Greek wines at less than £4 a bottle, with halves also available. Reckon on between £14 and £16 for two with a bottle of house wine for a three course meal.

Prices may have altered since these restaurants were reviewed. Please enquire with the establishments if you are in any doubt.

The girls you've asked to see

NINA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
PETER FLODQUIST

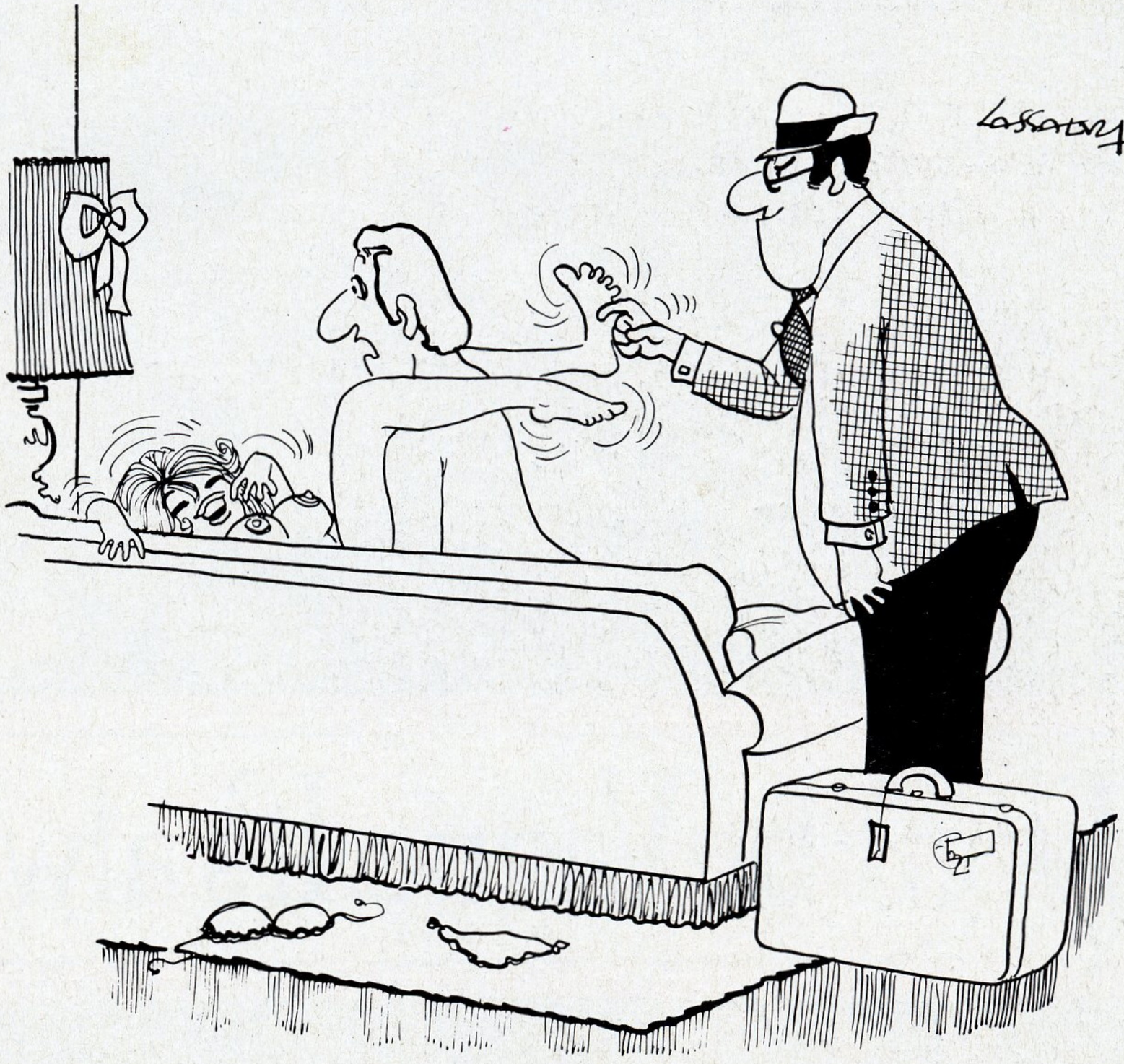
Few models are as instantly recognisable as 20-year-old Nina Pickersgill. She has the soft rounded beauty that English girls aspire to, made popular by ladies as legendary as Jean Shrimpton. No wonder Nina's 36-24-36 figure has been such a great success wherever she has appeared. Not surprisingly Nina has been kept very busy of late, sometimes modelling under the name of Gina Charles. She is deservedly top-popular in the camera world.

ON THE WATER

Nina was born in Croydon, but now lives in Orpington, Kent. She is a qualified hairdresser, and when we first featured her in Vol 16 No 6 was working at *Trimmers* in Bromley. Following her appearance, we heard from men all over the world who wanted to give their hair the benefit of Nina's personal touch. 'I can think of nothing more erotic,' said CW of Ipswich, 'than the

thought of Nina washing my hair.' JP of Preston put it less subtly. 'She can play with my follicles any time,' he said. Nina's work as a caterer also whetted readers' appetites. They were unanimous in the view that none of her meals could be as tasty as Nina herself. 'A real dish,' was the verdict of LB from Cheltenham. And who are we to disagree with that?

Busy though she has been over the last few years, Nina has still been unable to make a break into the world of show business which she says she would like to do. 'I love singing and acting,' Nina told us, but it seems that nobody is prepared to let her have a try at it professionally. Instead, she has to content herself with the occasional bathroom sing-along. But, never mind, Nina, perhaps this could be the year of the Nina Pickersgill or Gina Charles Show. We'll certainly be watching out.



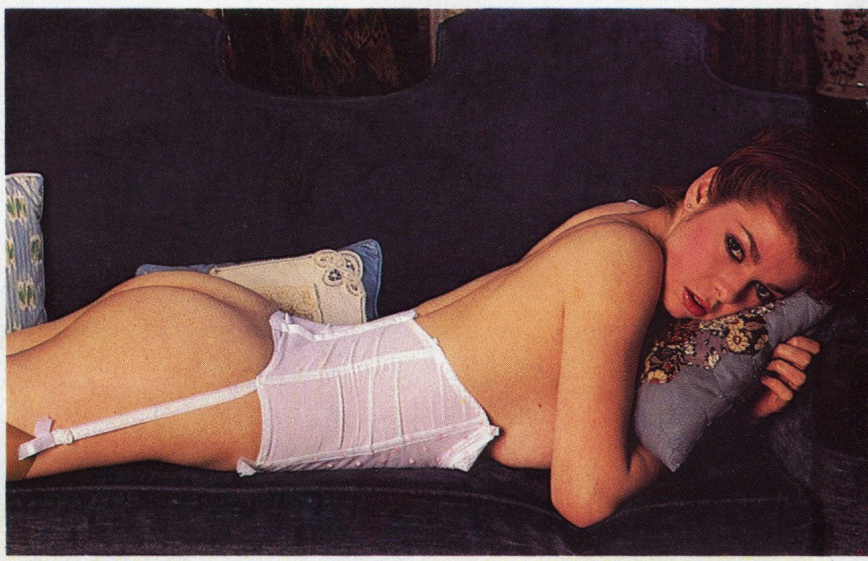
'What? Your husband! I don't see why that should make you laugh.'

Lee Ann

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

If sexy 21-year-old Lee Ann looks completely at ease and relaxed behind the camera, it is probably due to the fact that modelling runs in the family. 'My mother used to be a model in New York when she was younger, and I have done part-time work for newspapers since I was 14.' Unfortunately for all of us, Lee is only visiting England, and will soon be returning to her hometown, Toronto, in Canada. 'I was brought up in Toronto, and took a commercial art course in Scarboro studying layout and design. I may try for a career in this field when I go home, but first I want to go to Vancouver to carry on modelling and perhaps try some fashion work. But I want to come back here.'

Of course, being true Brits we had to ask what Lee thought of English men after sampling the clublife in London. 'I just love English accents, and could listen to them all day, specially as the guys over here have such a good sense of humour. I find them very funny, and they can really make me laugh. I have also noticed how suave the men are, so smart and polite.' Lee has been to all the traditional tourist attractions and told us that the Tower of London and in particular the Crown Jewels impressed her more than anything. 'This is my first time in England and it all seems so old. People here wear *watches* older than Canada itself,' and Toronto seems so small and new.'



Back home, Lee keeps her lithe 34-23-34 figure in trim by disco dancing. 'I also love horse riding, and I keep a horse of my own in Toronto. His name is Calypso. Swimming is another great way of keeping in shape and I go as often as I can.' When she needs stimulation on a more intellectual level, Lee turns to the chess board. 'I find the game fascinating, and I'm getting pretty good at it now.'

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH
LEE ANN

universal adoption of articulation and tilt cabs which, of course were only possible on 'cabover' layouts.

In the 1950's diesel engines started to take over from petrol-driven ones. Mack trucks introduced their 'Thermodyne' diesel in 1953, closely followed by Cummins whose engines were popular in Kenworths and Peterbilts, the latter still being probably the most successful truck in America. More refinements were to come in the sixties with synchromesh transmissions and range-change gearboxes coming into use. Automatic and semi-automatic transmissions were also experimented with but never were very popular in the truck world. Braking has also improved as speeds have increased; air brakes are still the most commonly used, though exhaust brakes are being seen around more frequently. But perhaps the most dramatic change has been the growth of major road systems. This single factor has probably done most to advance the truck technically, and make it the most popular form of freight transport the world over.

That is the history of the truck as a commercial vehicle. To understand its increasing role as an object of beauty, one has to look closely at the life of the American trucker. The most important factor in this side of the truck's development is simply the trucker's independence. Most are owner/drivers (sometimes known as 'Gypsies') with trucks custom-built to their requirements. This allows them to express far more individuality than most in their vehicles. Consequently fancy trucks like 'Iron Sides', a

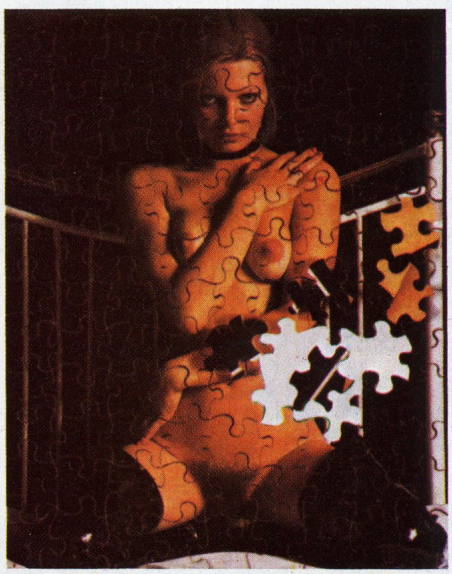
On the road, a Freightliner and trailers.

Kenworth artic, and 'Jack Rabbit' an Autocar, in this feature, are a relatively common sight on US roads. In fact all the major firms now offer as standard a wide range of fancy paint jobs, that so far their European counterparts have yet to copy. This independence has also meant that the trucker demands that his vehicle can cruise at speed to get as many journeys in as possible. The law dictates that their maximum speed should be 55mph, which most of these giants manage with ease. Some are even happier charging along at 80mph. The trucker has also demanded a greater amount of comfort from his machine. As well as the obligatory CB, most trucks boast air conditioning, TV, beds, stoves and air-cushioned seating.

But all this costs the private owner dear. As well as the price of the truck itself, the driver has to pay a licence plate for each state he enters. This costs about $1,000 a time. Fuel is also increasingly expensive which along with taxes will cost another $6,000 a year. Then, as fans of the film *Convoy* will tell you, their problems have only just started. Even their mighty Teamsters union is unable to fight 'shut-down strikes' which have left drivers stranded all over the States. Furthermore, the driver is not only responsible for his truck but its load as well. It is quite possible to cross the States with a truck-load of fruit only to have it rejected by the purchaser at the other end on the grounds of quality. The trucker will not get a penny. However, assuming the 'Gypsy' can find the money and a load, one thing he can depend on is the truck itself. Even a five-year-old, ex-company truck is good for another 15 years, averaging up to 300,000 miles a year.

With all these potential problems perhaps it is best that the drama of driving across the States in the cab of a giant Peterbilt with just the girls at the truckers' halts and the country and western station to keep you company remains for most just a dream. Or for some it could be a holiday. Growing in popularity are a series of trucking holidays organised by David Bates' travel firm. They fly over to America for truck shows, they even arrange packages where you can meet up with a genuine trucker who will take you with him as a passenger. That way you can experience the romantic lifestyle without the worries. But even if you don't get that far, and you content yourself with just looking at these mighty juggernauts and admiring their rough-hewn beauty, there is one consolation. You are far from being alone.

TERRIFIC DOUBLE JIGSAW OFFER



Do girls go to pieces when you touch them? Our two will. That's because lovely Lesley and Lynda are featured on *Mayfair's* quality hand-cut wooden jigsaws. They are just waiting to be reassembled. Lesley is provocatively poised in her PVC boots, Lynda in a clingy, wet smock. Both are perfectly reproduced and measure 11½ inches by 8½ inches. What's more, you don't have to puzzle out which one to choose. Both our jigsaw girls will be sent to you, discreetly packaged, for just £4.99 Why not get them together today.

Please send me....(Qty) set(s) of the two *Mayfair* Jigsaws at the special offer price of £4.99

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £..... made payable to *Mayfair* Jigsaw Offer.

Signed.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

M1810

Jenny

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RICHARD BIERMAN

A warm fire and a cosy room – that's all 18-year-old Jenny Strachan needs to be happy. For 36-26-36 Jenny is no fan of fast moving disco life, instead the warm-hearted Geordie miss prefers the comfort of the hearth like this one. And if this scene resembles something from D H Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*, that is no co-incidence either. Lawrence is one of Jenny's favourite authors, and she can draw many parallels between her Newcastle birthplace and the coalfields he graphically depicted.

Even though Jenny now lives in London, this hasn't affected her simple pleasures. Jenny's hobbies are writing poetry, and oil painting. 'My poems are all sloppy, like Valentine's Day cards,' she said, 'but I like them. As for my paintings, I specialise in still life. Though I do the occasional landscape, copied from postcards.' Jenny's taste in food is similarly unpretentious, and though she occasionally enjoys eating Italian, she is quite unequivocal about her favourite meal. 'Mince and dumplings,' she told us, adding that nowhere can cook it better than the north east. Not that she gets much chance to go there now with so much work, including a recent session for *Page Three*. She's also learning to drive with BSM, and longs to own her own car. What would she choose? Something in keeping with her homely image? 'No, a big red Merc!'

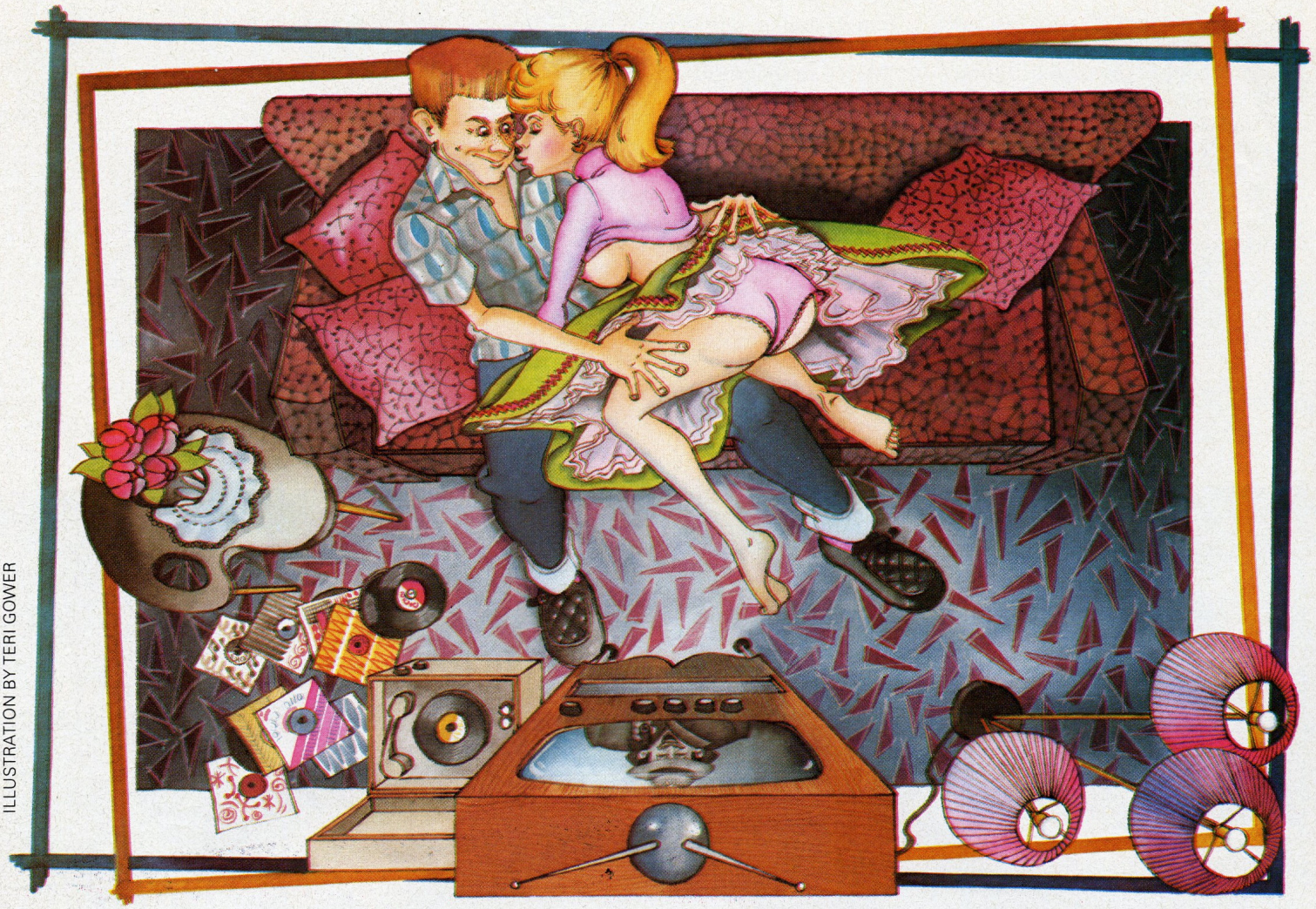


ILLUSTRATION BY TERI GOWER

In the 1950's, inspired by the journeys of other explorers, I set out to discover the previously uncharted region of Upper Thigh-land. With youthful determination I travelled the rolling hills and plunging valleys until I reached the unknown bush

My journey to upper thigh-land

By Paul Cannon

The fifties were a time for seeking new horizons. War had proved, yet again, an unsatisfactory challenge for man. Now he chose to take on the world he lived in, and not the people who lived on it. There were mountains to climb, uncharted territories to investigate, and, the ultimate adventure of them all, space exploration. For most of us, though, the nearest we got to venturing into the unknown was reading about it on the pages of the *Eagle* comic with Dan Dare, or listening to the fantastic adventures of Jet Morgan and Lemmy as they made their weekly *Journey Into Space* on BBC Radio. And in reality, it was all very well for Sir Edmund Hillary to reach the summit of Everest on May 29, 1953, but for the rest of us in suburbia. black and white photographs of the event as they appeared in all the national newspapers several days later were a very poor substitute. Even more so for a young man whose only promise of imminent adventure was the prospect of two years National Service as a pen-pusher in an obscure Royal Air Force camp somewhere in Bedfordshire. It was this fevered frustration, coupled with the nagging need to learn more about the female sex, that determined me to make my own voyage into the unknown. This is the hitherto unpublished account of my journey into that region known today as Upper Thigh-land. Now, of course, it's familiar ground; well-charted, often photographed, and frequently seen on cinema or television screens. Then – in the early fifties – it was literally virgin territory, known only to married members of the tribe, and certainly well out of bounds to the lone adventurer. As I set out on my single-minded mission in the front room of number 36, Montford Road, Thornton Heath, on a warm summer's evening in 1954, I remember thinking to myself – what are my chances of success? Have I chosen the right conditions? Will I make the legendary Black Hole and, if I do, will I live to tell the tale? My diary at that time bears witness to my survival.

It was Dawn who opened the door when I rang the bell of her mum and dad's terraced house, just behind the fire station, on that Thursday evening. It was approaching half-past seven, and only two hours earlier at the office she'd invited me back to watch their

Paul's Journey to Upper Thigh-land
continued from page 72

new television. Some detective series or other, she told me, but quite honestly the programme content was of little interest to yours sincerely. After all, we'd all seen telly, hadn't we? And I knew for certain that it would never take the place of sitting in the back row of the Savoy Cinema watching Edgar Lustgarten solve another amazing murder mystery – with Dawn Waldron that is!

That was where we had our first date a month before, and on that occasion, just at the point when either Robert Wagner, or possibly Richard Basehart, got into a clinch with Barbara Stanwyck, I carefully inched my hand across to where Dawn's were resting in her lap. It was a clumsy gesture but it worked, and we spent the rest of the movie sweaty hand in hand.

The next week, her Toni-Perm rested on my shoulder as Doris Day bounced across the screen – 'Whip-Crack-away, Whip-Crack-away' – and sloppy, unsure kisses were exchanged. Ten days later I really got my true one-and-ninepence worth when my left hand neatly unbuttoned her C & A blouse, and slid cautiously towards one of the small hills I had secretly admired from a distance. The bra was tight but my fingers soon inched underneath it, and arrived at the pinnacle to find a firm nipple. Her reaction on that occasion, as I gently manipulated the nub, was encouraging for she grabbed my right hand with hers, and forced it down upon her lap, but this time with a clear alternative in mind. As my fingers did their delightful work, my right hand was pressed firmly down between her legs which parted ever so slightly. Of course, there was no possibility of going any further, even if I knew in which direction. As the elderly commissionaire, with the probing torch, would often warn us: 'We don't want any sticky fingers in here!' – whatever that meant. There were skirts, underskirts, suspenders and goodness knows what else to cope with as well, but the warmth and welcome of that inviting under-region was all I needed to make careful plans for a determined exploration as soon as possible. It wasn't only the audience that stood to attention as the shortened version of the National Anthem was belted out around the Savoy stalls that night.

Mind you, receiving an invitation to visit an area is one thing. Knowing how to RSVP in the appropriate manner is another. My knowledge of Upper Thigh-land was restricted to what I had been told, rather haphazardly, by others who claimed to have been there before me. The precise details and map settings were extremely vague. Naturally, there were books like *Health and Efficiency* or *Lilliput* which provided photographs of the region, but these were mostly taken from the air – with no shots of the interior, and mysteriously shrouded in an artistic mist (presumably low-lying cloud). No help at all.

So you can imagine my apprehension as Dawn and I entered her front room on that fateful Thursday evening – with a half-hearted 'Hello' to her parents who had just switched off *Radio Newsreel*, and were preparing for a second helping of rice pudding and treacle in the kitchen. 'Should be good tonight,' her father called out, much to my consternation. It didn't help when he added: 'Tell us who does what to who – won't you?' He was referring to the detective series at eight o'clock. 'Certainly, sir,' I gulped, as Dawn pushed me into the room. 'We'll bring you some nice coffee at nine, dears', Mrs. Waldron warned, as her daughter firmly closed the door. One and a half hours to achieve my objective. Ninety minutes in which to make Nirvana. It didn't seem an awful lot of time, but clearly I had not taken into account Dawn's equal determination. Once she'd turned on the television, she immediately bounced back onto the enormous sofa, and beckoned me to join her. Now it was my turn to be switched on.

She'd obviously changed on returning from the office, and was now wearing a pink, high-necked sweater, neatly matching her full green skirt, of Tyrolean design, which failed to contain a frilly white petticoat or two. Her shoes were kicked off as she hit the sofa, and I couldn't help noticing that she wasn't wearing any stockings. That would be one obstacle out of the way at least, I thought to myself.

The first part of the exploration was simplicity itself. After all, it's not often that the mountains come to Mohammed. But no sooner had I plummeted down beside her than she launched herself upon me, and in seconds both mountains were very firmly pressed up against this particular Mohammed. Allah be praised! My hands grabbed at the nearest land mass, and this just happened to be Dawn's straining arse . . . as she eased down upon me. It was good to come to terms with this particular promontory at an early stage – for between the divided domes, I suspected, there lay a fertile valley of rich promise, a hidden Shangri-La to be reached and enjoyed before mum brought the Camp coffee at nine.

Her cherubic cheeks under cotton and nylon, were forced together and driven apart – as her eager lips found mine and our tongues tangoed together in a South London version of a French kiss.

I soon discovered that with Dawn, however, there was little time for such Parisian pleasantries. Now her legs remained apart. Her skirt flared out and up, revealing that agitated arse to an unsuspecting announcer on the television. McDonald Hobley would never be the same again! My hands moved upwards and under the sweater to find her bra strap which happily unhooked in seconds – a rare occurrence. The Gods were certainly on my side tonight, and as the bra fell away to release her teasing tits, she

turn to page 78

'I trust, Mr Fanshawe, there's no objection to my putting this down as overtime.'

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

This month's good advice: The best way to keep a young man on his toes is to put a pretty girl between his elbows.

Walking into the chemist's, the young man encountered rather a stern middle-aged lady assistant.
'A packet of three condoms, Miss,' he said.
'Don't you "Miss" me,' she replied irritably.
'Oh, make it four then.'

A young wife went to the doctor.
'Doctor, you've got to help me,' she demanded. 'My husband has an insatiable desire to perform oral sex on me all the time. You've got to give me something to reduce his desire.' The doctor looked thoughtful, then said, 'Now I know this might sound a bit drastic –'
'I'll try anything, doctor.'
'Then I suggest you try rubbing mashed garlic into your pubes every night.'
'I will, doctor,' replied the young lady, and disappeared for several weeks.
Then suddenly she re-appeared in the doctor's office, obviously unhappy.
'Ah, Mrs Simpson,' said the doctor, 'didn't smearing garlic on your pussy work?'
'Not really,' she replied. 'Now when Tom comes to bed he insists on bringing a cruet of olive oil and a shaker of parmesan cheese.'

A young man proposed to his girlfriend who happily accepted. Then, in a moment of doubt, she asked him. 'I hope that you are not just marrying me for my legs.'
'Oh no,' he replied, 'but it is a long way towards it.'

A vicar who had always had a crush on one of his lady parishoners, finally managed to lure her to the park. Together they found a sheltered spot, and stripped off. They were enjoying a great romp when suddenly the vicar was stunned by a familiar voice.
'Good afternoon, vicar,' said the young man walking his particularly tatty dog through the park.
'Er, hello, Mr James,' replied the clergyman shakily.
'Do you like my dog?' enquired the young man.
'Not particularly,' answered the vicar.
'Well, that's a pity,' continued the dog owner, 'because you are going to have to buy it, or else I'll tell every paper in the area about your affair.'
'Oh don't do that. I'll buy it. How much do you want?'
'£200,' came the stern reply. The vicar wrote him a cheque, and took the dog.
Two weeks later the vicar was walking the scruffy mongrel down the road when the verger passed by.
'Good morning, vicar,' he said cheerily. 'Where on earth did you get that scruffy little dog from?'
'I bought it,' replied the vicar hastily.
'You *bought* it!' exclaimed the verger. 'How much did you pay for it?'
'£200.'
'£200!' spluttered the verger. 'Really, someone must have seen you coming.'

A man who managed to use 149 contraceptives in one week has just got into the Guinness Book of Records – as a bookmark.

A young man moved out of London to escape the rat race, and after a couple of months was asked by a visiting cockney how he felt about his new rural existence.
'Living out here is like being a pubic hair on a toilet seat,' he replied grimly.
'How do you mean?' asked the visitor.
'You soon get pissed off.'

The owner of a wildlife safari park was taken to court accused of feeding his hyenas on nothing but Oxo cubes.
The judge said he was making them a laughing stock.

It had been a long chase but the police finally caught up with the speeding Porsche. They pulled it over on to the hard shoulder, and one officer started to walk over to the car. As he got nearer, he saw that the driver was a beautiful brunette sitting seductively in the low seats. Unperturbed, the officer leaned in the window.
'Alright, madam, where's the fire?' he asked. The beautiful young woman shook her silky brown hair around her shoulders, pulled up her skirt to reveal eye-popping legs, and replied coyly, 'I'm sitting on it, officer. How long a hose did you bring?'

A man in a bus queue in Stoke
Unzipped his flies for a joke.
An old man gave a shout,
And almost passed out,
And a lady close-by had a stroke.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

Paul's Journey to Upper Thigh-land
continued from page 74

moved from me and lay impatiently by my side. Legs still apart. Skirt raised. It was now or never, I told myself. The journey was about to start.

But before I could even contemplate the first stage, Dawn – characteristically, I now realise – decided to take matters into her own hands. In this case the matters belonged to me, and were very responsive to her touch. With the same good fortune that undid her bra instantly, frantic fingers released my flies in seconds, and were soon foraging for the firm force within. This was not part of my plan, but only hastened its being put into effect. For the moment she reached her goal, I knew that my journey must begin. The fingers gently enfolded me, and began their merry message. I shifted my position ever so slightly, and sought to fight back.

As she had chosen the Low Road, I made, albeit briefly, for her High Road and the Peak District, now unencumbered and standing proud above. Familiar territory. My right hand climbed each in turn, and enjoyed both summits which were firm and forceful. The effect upon her though, of this exhilarating action was immediate. The Dawn chorus of gasps and sighs intensified, and her grip upon me became all the more urgent. In fact so much so that I knew if I did not reach my objective in the next ninety seconds – let alone minutes – all would be lost – literally.

By now the Tyrolean skirt, and petticoats too, had risen well above her widely spread knees, and I was able to start my trek into the interior from an advanced position on one of the plateaux. At first the going was good, across silky smooth skin which offered no resistance. But I noticed that there was a distinct change in temperature. It was getting warmer, much warmer, and as I moved to the point where both legs converged, my fingers slipped down into the valley between and advanced towards the legendary Bush Territory.

To my surprise, this had all the characteristics of a tropical rain forest. It was damp and lush to my touch, yet once I had overcome the thin strand of nylon which provided the only barrier (a curse on Saint Michael), the path was straight, and my fingers slid easily and excitedly onwards through the thick undergrowth. Now the terrain began to move. The walls on either side pressed in upon my forward party. There was no going back, and as Dawn continued her efforts without, I reached what I can only describe as the ultimate swamp within.

Inexorably, I was sucked into its voracious vortex. First one finger, then another. Onwards and inwards. Deeper and deeper. Down and down . . . in and out . . . faster and faster. I was drowning in the Quicksand of Life, and Dawn was moaning – a primeval moan in keeping with the true nature of that timeless zone. The mountains high above shook with a volcanic violence, her hold on me intensified, and the eruption that followed was my own forceful Mount Etna. She started to release her grip, and my fingers beat a hasty, yet dignified, retreat in search of a large pocket handkerchief. We shared it and the mellow moments that followed.

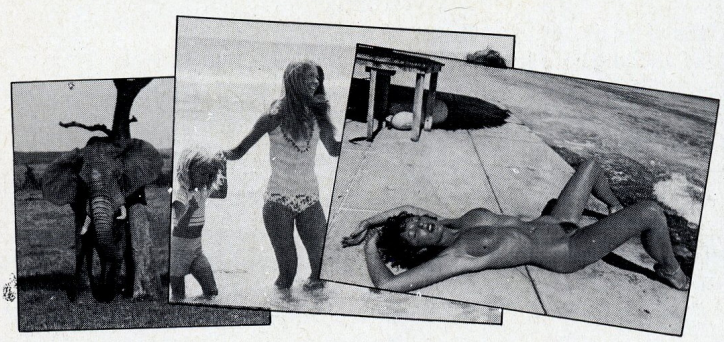
The voice from the television finally broke the spell as I did up what was undone, and she coyly put together what had been taken apart. 'Here, wrap it up in this handkerchief, inspector,' said the voice, 'We don't want to lose any incriminating evidence – do we, 'specially when we seem to be getting somewhere at last!' We both looked at each other, and burst into fits of laughter. So much so that when Mrs Waldron bustled noisily into the room, moments later, she commented: 'I don't know what you two find so funny about a detective series. I thought it was quite good last week. What happened tonight?' Dawn, who had spent the last half-hour at least staring at the plastic ceiling, looked desperately across at me to find a convincing answer. 'Well, Mrs Waldron,' I gulped, 'it was rather involved actually. The police seem to be making some progress, however, and'. . . I searched for an acceptable plot, 'and one bloke at least came to a sticky end.' I thought Dawn was going to choke on her coffee. 'Mmmm . . .' said Mrs W, passing me a plate of Bourbon biscuits, 'I still prefer Paul Temple on the radio. Anyway Paul, you must come again for another episode – mustn't he dear?' Dawn pulled herself together for a second. 'Oh yes, mum. I'm sure he wants to know what's going to happen next week.' Actually, I already knew – and so did Mrs Waldron's daughter!

MAYFAIR

PHOTO SERVICE

DEVELOPING, PRINTING and FILM SALES

Have your glamour, holiday or family films developed and printed through our unique photo service. Discretion is assured.



12/20/24 exp.		36 exp.	
FOR ONLY	£2.50	FOR ONLY	£3.50
plus 30p p&p per film	No of films		Total £

E6 35mm mounted slides 20 or 36exp **£2.60** 24 hrs slide processing (£1 for total failure) Inclusive deal process 1 roll of E6 and order 1 roll of 36 exp Sakura chrome all for £4.00 + p&p Saving 70p

plus 35p p&p per film	No of films	Total £

Enclose Kodacolour, Sakura, Boots, Tudor, Fuji (C41 process) films in 110, 126 or 135 sizes only. This service is NOT available for black-and-white, Agfa, Submin or Half Frame films. Place films in a strong envelope together with a cheque or postal order made payable to MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE. No processing Saturday or Sunday. Film accepted on basis that its value does not exceed material cost. We reserve the right to change prices without prior notice and to alter finishes/materials subject to exigency of production. Full credit for all unprinted negatives.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____

M1810

SPECIAL FILM OFFER!!!

a special film price offer will be sent with every completed order.

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon, or send details on plain paper.

Send your order to:

MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE,
PO Box 8, 164 Grays Inn Road,
London WC1X 8EQ

MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE. Reg. Office. FPC (Advertising & Marketing) Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

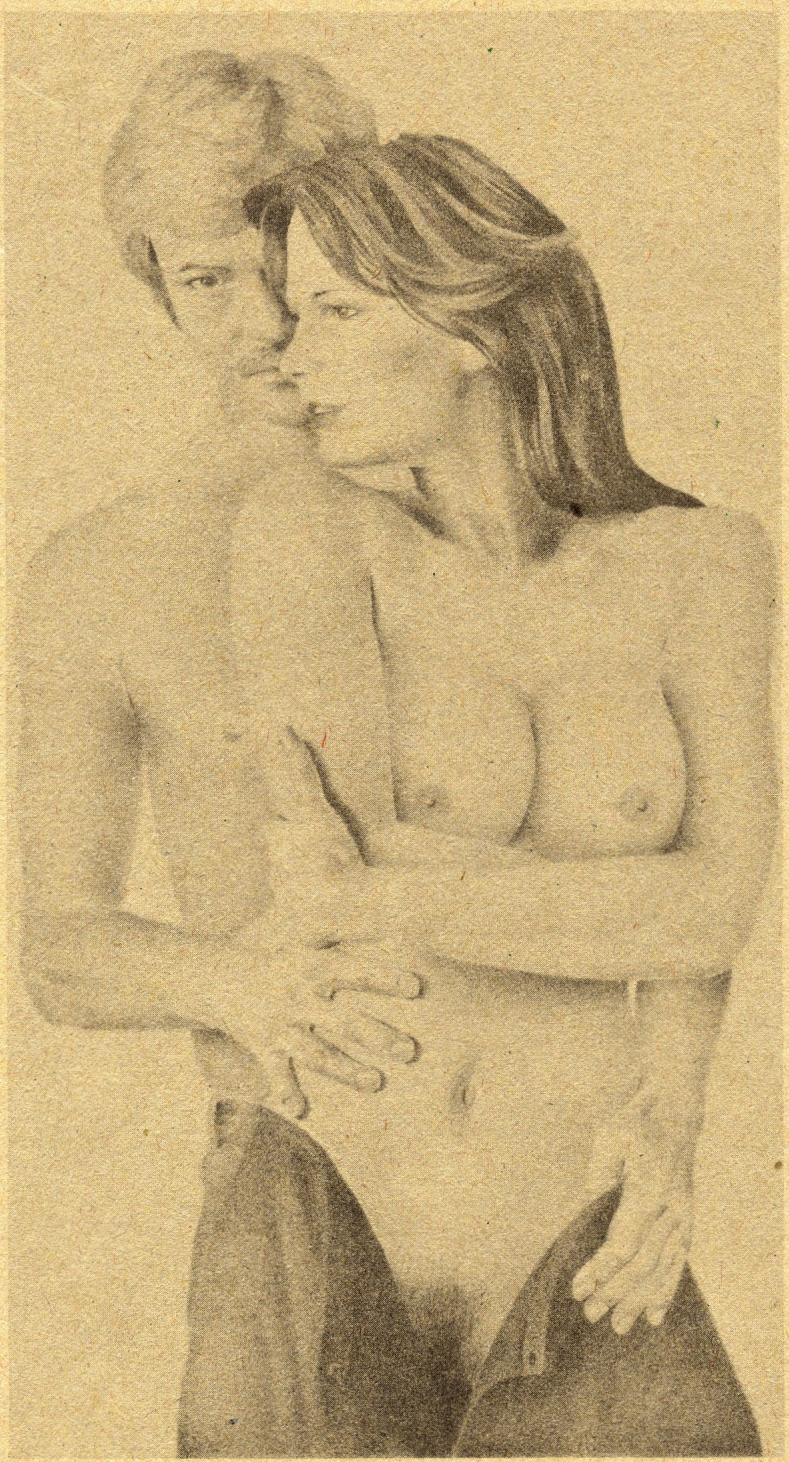
Betty

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

When sexy 22-year-old Betty Spencer came up to our offices to discuss her photo-session, she confided that she has an all-consuming passion in her life. But when she saw the expression on our faces, Betty laughed and quickly added, 'I'm talking about board games, anything from chess down to the simpler family games like Monopoly, I love them all.' So great is this love of games, that while her friends are out at discos or parties Betty's 35-24-35 figure will be curled up on her sofa as she desperately tries to throw a double six. 'My work at the playschool is very physical, so after running around with the children all day, it is a pleasant change to sit back, relax and play a game.'

But Betty's flat in Exeter is often the scene for some quite sexy games. 'My boyfriend and I have devised some X-certificate rules for Monopoly, complete with forfeits. In fact a recent session ended with me having to pose completely starkers for him to take a few photos. I was a bit shy because I have a problem with my pubic hair. It's so sparse I keep myself bare down below. But I soon got used to the idea, and that's when I first thought about posing for *Mayfair*. I have to admit I'm a bit of a show-off.' Now Betty is working hard thinking up a suitably unusual forfeit for her boyfriend for the next time he loses. 'I already have a few ideas, and you can bet he'll enjoy what I have in mind.'

When Betty is in the mood for exercise of a more physical nature, she loves to spend a day wind-surfing at the coast. 'I learned on holiday in Greece last year and bought my own board when I came home. The exhilaration you feel while you're planing over the waves is incredible. Really it must be the purest form of sailing.'



QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Fifteen

Some girls respond poorly to ineffectual loving and long to be taken in hand by a more aggressive man. This month Quest uncovers three occasions when girls enjoyed being dominated

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

MANAGING DIRECTOR, 31 years old, blonde, town of origin Preston

This interviewee trained as a beautician before setting up a partnership to produce quality beauty products. She is divorced and lives in her own house.

Quest: You were talking about your fantasies earlier. Would you like to describe some of them now?

Director: Heavens – we'll be here all night!

Quest: Your favourite then.

Director: The one that's guaranteed to get me boiling – all right. I can see what kind of an interview this is going to be. Well, that would have to be my bold, bad man one. My *Gone With the Wind* sequel – you know when Clark Gable carries Vivien Leigh up the stairs to the bedroom, and the scene fades out. My fantasy starts then.

Quest: And what happens?

Director: My lover orders me to strip, and then flings me on the bed. Then he ties me down with straps from each bed post so that I'm spreadeagled – on my back and showing absolutely everything. Then, when I'm totally helpless, he tantalises me.

Quest: How?

Director: However I like! Sometimes he licks me all over and finishes between my legs. Sometimes he just drops his trousers and has me. Sometimes he strips himself, and rolls all over me but refuses to make love to me. If I'm feeling especially perverse he might just play with himself in front of me. The wickedest one is when he does that while other men – complete strangers – file in, and have me one after the other.

Quest: And you accept all this?

Director: Oh I'm pleading with him to let me go all the time – not that it does me any good. But then he's doing what I want him to do anyway.

Quest: Does this fantasy have any connection with your real life? Would you like to be dominated that way in bed?

Director: I'd love it! Lead me to the man.

Quest: I don't honestly see your problem. You're very good-looking.

Director: I notice you don't say 'attractive'. I'm not criticising you – or myself particularly. I've deliberately built up a kind of ice queen image, because it's the way I look,

The pure silk sensation

Mayfair's exciting new lingerie offer

G) Delightfully feminine pure silk camisole top in seductive black. Also available in elegant ivory (H). Sizes small/medium (10-12) and large (14-16).

J) Sensational ivory three piece set in cool pure silk, comprising bra, bikini briefs and suspender belt. Also available in black (K). Sizes small (34"), medium (36") and large (38").

L) Sophisticated yet saucy French knickers in ivory. Also available in devastating black (M). Sizes: small/medium (10-12) and large (14-16).

Silk, the most exotic of all fabrics – delicate, cool and utterly sophisticated. *Mayfair* is now able to offer this completely new collection of pure silk lingerie at unbelievably low prices. Market research proved that men whose ladies wore our new silk underwear described the result as sensual. And that is what the feel of silk is: seductive. Like our other lingerie, the silk collection has been specially selected, and made for Mayfair here in Britain from the finest imported silks, and, of course, to the very highest standards possible.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: FASHION OFFER, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me:
Qty.....camisole top(s) in black (item G) at £13.95. Size.....
Qty.....camisole top(s) in ivory (item H) at £13.95. Size.....
Qty.....3-piece set(s) in ivory (item J) at £18.95. Size.....
Qty.....3-piece set(s) in black (item K) at £18.95. Size.....
Qty.....French knickers in ivory (item L) at £8.95. Size.....
Qty.....French knickers in black (item M) at £8.95. Size.....

I enclose cheque/postal order for £.....made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO. IS .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....SIGNATURE.....

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Add £3.00 postage for orders under £15.00 for customers outside Europe. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (I.M.O.). M1810

If you do not wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper, stating all relevant information.

and I find it helps in the business. Most of the women I sell to want to look smart but not overtly sexy. Unfortunately that sort of image doesn't tend to impress men, I find, and when they discover I run my own successful business they assume I'm a galloping feminist who'll order them round the bedroom. I'm not bitter about it, but it does strike me as unfair. Jenny, my partner, for example has a brain like a calculator – absolutely cold when she has to be – but because she's small and petite, and acts scatter-brained men fall over themselves to sweep her into their arms.

Quest: I'm sure you must have been swept into more than a few arms youself.

Director: Well, yes – I think that's meant to be a compliment! Most of the men I've known, though, have tended to treat me with kid gloves, which is nice up to a point. After that it's just frustrating. Tom, my ex-husband, was the closest I've had to what I want, but we both had businesses that were taking off at the same time so the marriage was more or less squeezed out. Then there was Jeremy.

Quest: Who was he?

Director: Jeremy was an actor. I'm not sure if I can count him as a real relationship. I think there's something fake about all actors – I speak from experience because the girl I shared a flat with after my divorce was an actress, and I got to know all her friends. Jeremy was one. He did give me what I needed badly at the time.

Quest: What was that?

Director: A jolly good seeing to! No, it was more than that. He helped get rid of a lot of emotional frustration. I owe him a lot.

Quest: How did you meet?

Director: I first saw him on stage at the local rep where my flatmate had dragged me – I'm not a theatregoer normally. I don't even remember the play but Jeremy was playing some kind of Victorian wicked squire, seducing peasant girls by the dozen. It wasn't meant to be serious but there was an air about him – he looked as if he might just mean it. And he was very masculine. I became fascinated to find out if he was like that in real life. I told my flatmate, and she invited him to our next party – without telling me.

Quest: What was he like in real life?

Director: Very restrained – quite unlike his friends. Solid, almost, and a little wary too. I felt quite at home with him. I liked his friends but I was really a kind of token 'straight' with them. Jeremy seemed to be more normal. Also I fancied him like crazy.

Quest: When did you have sex with him?

Director: Not that night. I did drive him back to his digs but I didn't go in because he had an audition in Manchester next morning, and he had to be up before dawn to get there. We kissed, and he put his hand inside my blouse. I think I'd probably have let him have me then and there in the car but I preferred to do it properly in bed, and I was glad he seemed to want to wait for that too. The silliest part, though, was that we talked for nearly two hours anyway.

Quest: What about?

Director: Mainly about whether he really liked being a wicked squire. I told him a couple of my fantasies too – not all the details.

Quest: When did you see him again?

Director: Not till the following Sunday – that was his only clear day. We had a marvellous restaurant lunch, huge amounts to drink, then we took a bottle back to my flat – my flatmate was away in London – and we made love.

Quest: Successfully?

Director: Oh, yes – I don't remember any marvellous orgasms, but it was gentle and dreamy – the wine helped, I'm not a very good drinker normally. One minute we were sitting on the carpet next to the sofa, and kissing, the next Jeremy was undressing me. It was very good for a first time – I always find them fraught because you're never quite sure what'll happen. I can say that again!

> 'You're at the mercy of the Squire now, he said as he stroked my breast and then rubbed my pubes'

Quest: Why?

Director: Well, I remember dozing off on the carpet with Jeremy's head against my boobs – we were both naked by then. Then when I came to I had the shock of my life.

Quest: Go on.

Director: I thought at first I'd slept all night, and Jeremy had put me to bed. I was in my bedroom, lying on my mattress, but when I tried to get up I couldn't. The devious sod had tied me to the pine bed ends, and he'd used four pairs of my best tights to do it!

Quest: He was acting out your favourite fantasy?

Director: He knew about it but I didn't know what was happening. I called out, and he came in from the living room. He was still naked, and grinning. I asked him what he was playing at, and he said, 'I'll have no more of your lip, fair maid. You're at the mercy of Squire Badworthy now!' I burst out laughing. He was exactly in part from his stage role, and he stayed in it. He came and sat next to me on the bed, and he gazed at my naked body in the most blatantly lascivious way, growling on about my 'pearl white flesh, ripe for the plucking.' And then he began to stroke his fingers over me, over my breasts, down onto my tummy, across my pubes.

Quest: How did you react to that?

Director: I was still laughing until I realised he was quite serious in the way he touched me. And in the effect it was having on him by the way his thing began to thicken and stretch. 'Well, look what you've done to poor John Thomas,' he said, getting up. 'He always rises for a lady, and he always pays his dues too.' And he climbed on the bed. That was the point when I felt a genuine twinge of fear. You hear so many stories about ordinary people suddenly turning into maniacs, and Jeremy *had* tied me up.

Quest: You thought he was going to force himself on you?

Director: I thought I might have inflamed him with all my talk of fantasies. I tried to sound terribly reasonable, telling him I thought it was time he let me cuddle him, and hold him too. But he just grinned, and began to lower himself between my outstretched legs. I went rigid and icy inside, as he covered me with his naked body. But just as I'd tensed up ready for that first thrust I felt his shaft touch against my pussy, pressing its length, stiff and hot against my flesh. 'Oh no,' he whispered, 'madame has to wait for her pleasure.' And he began to rub his length up and down my slit in a slow, steady rhythm. And in the incredible intimacy of that feeling, all my fear turned around, and I suddenly wanted him more than I ever remember wanting anyone. I started to bump up and down on the mattress, trying to increase the speed of his strokes or to trap his tip in my hole, and pull him inside. But he didn't alter his pace. Up and down, up and down. And every time I almost went wild he'd simply grin and push me back, and there wasn't a damn thing I could do. I tell you, after ten minutes of that, I was practically foaming at the mouth! My whole body was one live, jumping nerve. If I'd had any breath left I'd have screamed the place down. It was torture! Glorious, exquisite torture. And then, when I really thought I'd faint, I started to climax, a tiny rippling one at first, then a bigger one, then bigger until they began firing off one after the other – I was clawing at the air! That was what he'd waited for. Without any finesse or gentleness he just rammed straight into me – it didn't hurt, I was damp and open enough by now to swallow him whole. He gave three deep thrusts, and then he exploded inside me – a great whoosh right in the middle of my biggest, most teeth-rattling climax. And he actually made me faint – just for a few seconds – but it was the first time that had ever happened to me.

Quest: Did you play the squire game again?

Director: Oh, yes, dozens of times, some almost as splendidly as that first time. But in the end it was only a game. Jeremy was just playacting – beautifully – but he could do other roles equally well, and probably still is. I needed – I need – someone who doesn't have to pretend. I live in hope!

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

NEGOTIATOR, 26 years old, town of origin Chichester

This male interviewee attended the first year of a university arts course before becoming disillusioned with higher education, and taking a job in an estate agency. He lives in his own flat.

Quest: Would you describe your attitude to women as over-respectful?

Negotiator: Yes, I would. I'm sure half a dozen old girlfriends, if they knew it was me talking, would say, 'Not that rude sod!' I've never been one to turn up with bunches of roses or compose great love letters, but I do tend to see new girlfriends through rose-coloured spectacles.

Quest: And you find that a disadvantage?

Negotiator: An enormous one! If I really go a bomb on someone I start thinking, 'I can't

besmirch this gorgeous woman with my clammy little hands, and ruin our wonderful relationship.' So I tend to wait for them to make the move, and half the time nothing happens. I went to the wedding of an old girlfriend last summer, and during the reception she said to me, 'I always thought we might have had a fling but you never seemed keen, and I was afraid you'd go off me if I made a pass.' I worshipped the ground that woman trod!

Quest: Your love life sounds fairly complicated.

Negotiator: What makes it worse is that I know, in my head, that what most women want me to say is: 'Right, I've shown I find your mind sparkling, and your personality entrancing, now get on your back while I screw the arse off you.' Or words to that effect – something, anyway, to prove that I find them desirable – if only so they can tell me to get stuffed. Which, of course, is what I'm afraid of. The more important the relationship is to me the warier I am. I put it down to single sex public school. Seriously.

Quest: What about less important relationships?

Negotiator: Oh I can be a sod with women I don't worship. Or at least being dominant in that way doesn't bother me because there aren't any hearts and flowers to ruin. It's crazy.

Quest: Is that how it was with Lucy and Jan?

Negotiator: That was a situation I've had three or four times – it just happened to be the first. Lucy was my Miss Wonderful and Jan – well, Jan was where I ended up.

Quest: When was this?

Negotiator: When I was nineteen. Lucy was the sister of a schoolfriend. The family had a place in Norfolk, and I stayed there just before I went up to university. Jan was a friend of Lucy's, and she was always around. They were both about a year younger than me. I met Lucy at an open day, and she was the main reason for accepting an invitation to stay. I wasn't especially keen on her brother.

Quest: Can you describe the girls?

Negotiator: Lucy was tall – almost my height – willowy – very feminine but not in a sexy way. A quiet, thoughtful girl. I was into soulmates then – we were both going to do arts courses. Jan was the complete opposite – blonde and bubbly, very lively, and aware of the effect she had on men.

Quest: What about sexual experience?

Negotiator: Oh definitely. For a start because I was involved with her, but she had that teasing quality which would have encouraged most men. Lucy, on the other hand, was probably a virgin.

Quest: How did you get on with them?

Negotiator: With Lucy, fine – as a friend. We had the same interests. I spent most of the time trying to get her away on long walks in the hope they'd turn romantic. The problem was Jan. She was always turning up, making a nuisance of herself, making me look silly. I couldn't understand why Lucy put up with her. It never occurred to me, of course, that she wanted a chaperone to keep me at bay – until Jan put me right. In fact I had a much more normal relationship with her.

Quest: Were you attracted to her?

Negotiator: Oh yes, but I didn't want to be. She struck me as so obvious, even a bit tarty. Not like Lucy.

Quest: And Jan was attracted to you?

Negotiator: She must have been or nothing would have happened.

Quest: What did happen?

Negotiator: We were quite near the coast, and one day we made up a foursome to go to the beach for the day. We stopped off for a drink in Cromer, and met some friends of my friend who were taking out a sailing boat that afternoon, and offered to take a couple of us along. My friend was keen, and rather to my surprise so was Lucy – she normally wasn't

> 'I rolled on top of her and pulled down her bikini pants. No, not here, she gasped apprehensively'

that active. What really niggled me, though, was that one of the boating guys obviously fancied her, and she did nothing to discourage him. So the plan was Jan and I would go to the beach we'd originally planned on, Lucy and her brother would sail past in a couple of hours, and swim back to us. But we never saw them. The wind fell, they couldn't get the motor started – it was a grand cock-up.

Quest: And you spent the afternoon alone with Jan?

Negotiator: In some dunes that turned out to be practically deserted.

Quest: And you had sex?

Negotiator: What happened was that Jan settled down to sunbathe in her bikini while I had a dip – we had our costumes on under our clothes. When I got back she was on her tummy with her bikini top undone. I was aware that Jan had a nice figure – a lot curvier than Lucy's though Jan's legs weren't as good, but I couldn't really object. I just settled down with a book. The next thing I knew she was asking me to rub lotion into her back, which I thought was a bit cheeky, but then she sat up for me to do it.

Quest: You mean facing you?

Negotiator: Oh no, leaning right forward but with only an arm held over her breasts, and after a while she even dropped that.

Quest: What effect did that have on you?

Negotiator: The obvious one, quite quickly. You see Jan's best points were her tits. They were monsters, beautifully shaped too, and what with massaging that greasy oil into her skin, and glimpsing the round curves of her boobs bobbing gently from side to side with my movements I had a horn like a white rhino's. And she must have realised because she started by saying, 'Oh, that feels fabulous', but then she went very quiet. Most unusual for Jan. So that's when I did it.

Quest: What exactly?

Negotiator: I massaged further and further round the sides of her back until I was almost stroking her rib cage. Then I brought my hands up onto her breasts. It was pure lust, really. I felt myself go cold with it inside, and I knew I was overstepping the mark – my mark, at least – but I didn't think about it, I just did it. I didn't maul her, though – I just felt the weight of those incredible tits, and stroked her nipples with my thumbs.

Quest: How did she react?

Negotiator: She took a deep breath. I remember thinking it was odd her nipples didn't stand up but they were tiny, and it wasn't really noticeable. Then she pulled away, quite gently, and turned round, covering herself with the end of her towel. She said, very quietly, 'What do you think you're doing?' So I said, 'What do you think?' I reached out for her towel, and pulled but she tightened her grip. Then she looked down at my trunks, which weren't doing much of a job of covering me, and her eyes were shining. 'I suppose I can't stop you,' she said. I was quite surprised.

Quest: Why?

Negotiator: I just expected her to be more blatant about sex, more 'Let's get on with it!' But she was almost demure, even nervous. More the way I'd have expected Lucy to be.

Quest: So what did you do next?

Negotiator: I yanked the towel out of her hands, leaving her breasts exposed. She didn't try to cover them. She just sat there staring at me.

Quest: Did you make love?

Negotiator: Not immediately, but the next ten minutes or so turned me into a dedicated tit man. She had fabulous tits – big and firm. We rolled back onto the sand, and I scooped them in my hands, fondling and licking and sucking them, making those little buds of nipples perk up. We were thrashing about so much my trunks were practically off, my cock was squeezed up against her tummy, so I reached down and slipped my hand into the front of her bikini pants. I was just working my fingers into her when she said, 'No!' Very firmly. So I moved back to her boobs for a while, then tried again, and there was another, 'No – don't do that.' Then I made my fatal mistake.

Quest: Which was?

Negotiator: I started to talk, and even worse, I got ratty. As far as I was concerned she'd made it obvious she wanted a screw – which she later denied utterly. Now she suddenly wanted to play silly buggers. So we went through all the arguments – I already knew she was on the pill because it had come up in conversation; she wasn't having her period, and she admitted there'd been others. I even tried the old, 'But I'll be ill if I don't let it out now' argument. Waste of time. Finally I was fairly rude, and dashed off into the sea to cool down. I went out quite a way, half hoping Lucy's boat would turn up, and when I turned back to the beach I found Jan swimming, and she started over to me.

Quest: Did she say anything?

Negotiator: She said, 'I can see why you're not getting anywhere with Lucy.' I was still peeved with her but that did make me listen. She was much more her old teasing self too. I asked what she meant. 'Because you give up too easily,' she said. I think I just stared at her, open-mouthed. Then she said, 'I'm going to tell you a big secret, Michael (name changed). Most girls don't even know they want to go to bed with someone until he's jumped on them. If you wait around for them

BINDERS, KEEPERS

Do you have trouble keeping your *Mayfairs* together? Can't find a particular issue containing a favourite piece of fiction, joke, feature or memorable *Mayfair* maid? The problem is solved, courtesy of the *Mayfair* binder, guaranteed to take a full 12 issues, including the bumper Christmas issue. Covered in elegant dark green PVC with a golden *Mayfair* logo on the spine, it makes a distinguished addition to any study bookshelf. Its exclusive binding system makes insertion quicker and easier than ever before. And each binder costs only £6.00, inclusive of post & packing.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Please send me ..... binder(s) at £6.00 each.
I enclose cheque/postal order for £.....

Name .....

.....

Address .....

.....

.....

.....

Date M1810

Re London No. 875169

All orders sent in plain wrapper.
Available UK only. Reg. 875159

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon, or send details on plain paper.

to make up their minds in advance you might as well go home. Lucy's like that. She only ends up with these soulful, intimate chat-type relationships because she knows she's safe with them, but it's going to be the big, brawny fellow who won't take no for an answer who gets into her knickers. The only way you'll ever get anywhere with her is to make it absolutely clear what you want.'

Quest: How did you react to that?

Negotiator: I was astonished. For a start girls I'd known till then just didn't talk like that, and secondly because it was the friendliest she'd ever been to me.

Quest: Did you think it referred to Jan's attitude to you earlier?

Negotiator: That I shouldn't have taken no for answer? Oh yes. Definitely. Friendly or not she wasn't going to get away with that.

Quest: What did you do?

Negotiator: Nothing for a minute. My mind was going in circles. Then I spotted what looked like the start of a smile on her face. And I lunged straight at her.

Quest: Where were you both at this point?

Negotiator: In waist-deep water, about six feet or so from each other. Jan gave this great squeal, and started splashing away but I swam after her. I tried to duck her, and couldn't. She was shrieking and giggling like an idiot. But I got my fingers into her bikini bra strap, and tore that open. The thing flew apart, and she knocked me over, and waded off, trying to hold the bra cups over her boobs. Then she heard me splashing after her, and shrieked, and just let the bikini top go, and ran with her boobs wobbling all over the place. She was practically hysterical by now – we both were.

Quest: Did you catch up?

Negotiator: Right at the water's edge. I caught her arm, and went over, pulling her down on top of me. That was my great macho moment. I've always been proud of that. What's the film? *From Here to Eternity*. This was the unexpurgated version. Actually if the beach hadn't been deserted all day I'd probably have a criminal record.

Quest: Meaning you had sex?

Negotiator: I rolled back on top of Jan, and got my hands back on her breasts. Then I started to open her legs, and push her bikini pants down. She was gasping, 'Oh no – not here – oh this is awful – no, you mustn't – !' But she was hardly doing a thing to stop me, panting away like a mare on heat. I was as stiff as a post by now, with a lot of lost randiness to make up for. The minute I'd got one of her legs free of her pants I jerked down the front of my trunks, pulled out my cock, and planted it right against her pussy lips. She gave one great gasp, and then she really did start flinging herself about, almost throwing me off. I put my full weight on her breasts, trying to pin her down, and slipped my tip between her lips as quick as I could. That was a bizarre feeling. She was really wet and loose inside but the sea water, because it was still early in the summer, had made our skin cool. So I had a kind of lukewarm fuck. I could feel this tiny spot of boiling warmth right inside her but as I sank in, and started to hump I could feel it spreading. And as soon as that was underway all Jan's struggling changed completely, and she was moaning and lifting up her legs so I could go deeper, and thrusting her pussy down onto me. When I finally let go I had the feeling she was sucking the come out of *me*, not me spurting into *her*. But it was a glorious fuck.

Quest: Did the relationship continue?

Negotiator: No. I took her advice to heart and put on my dominant male act for Lucy.

Quest: With what result?

Negotiator: She decided she didn't like me in quite that way. And of course she told Jan, so my name was mud there too! Don't they say something about the most valuable experiences never coming cheap?

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

TRAINING OFFICER, 25 years old, brunette, town of origin Birmingham

This interviewee took a variety of clerical jobs before joining her current firm as a secretary. She was subsequently promoted to the personnel and training department. She lives with her boyfriend.

Quest: Why were you always getting beaten up when you were a teenager?

Officer: I wasn't exactly beaten up, but I did get roughed up quite a few times by boyfriends.

Quest: Why did they do that?

Officer: You ought to talk to a boyfriend I had when I was twenty-one. He was a psychology student. He explained it all to me. I suppose the easy answer is that I was a bit of a prickteaser. I was certainly a first-class bitch on occasions.

Quest: You mean you deliberately excited men and then refused them sex?

Officer: Oh no, I didn't refuse sex – at least not the people I wanted to have it with. I just wanted them to earn it.

Quest: In what way?

Officer: By getting them to prove themselves worthy, I suppose. Manly enough not to put up with a cantankerous little bitch like me! According to my psychology boyfriend it was all down to my poor old dad. Because he let my mother push him around so much – and she's still the same – I've always been searching for a strong father figure as a lover – someone who'll tell me to shut up, and smack my bottom when I'm naughty. But I always end up with wimpish figures, like my father, and start pushing them around in the hope they'll be transformed into what I really want. Most of them just thought I was a horrible person, but a few slapped my face.

Quest: Which you didn't want?

Officer: Well, if they'd gone on to ravish me magnificently on the spot I'd probably have forgiven them, but very few of them ever did!

Quest: Meaning some did?

Officer: One made me suck his thing when we were supposed to be listening to records, and his parents were downstairs.

Quest: How did that happen?

Officer: It was when I was eighteen. He was the son of my family's GP, actually, and very good-looking, at least I thought so at the time. We were having what was my usual argument of about that age, me telling him he wasn't forceful enough for some

reason. I think I'd been short-changed in a shop, and ended up having a blazing row with the shopkeeper while my boyfriend just stood by and watched, obviously embarrassed by it all. We'd been petting – I hadn't been to bed with him. And we got on to the way he'd done it. That's when he blew up.

Quest: Did he hurt you?

Officer: Oh no. He just grabbed my shoulders, and shook me. And the fact that he did should have told me I'd gone too far – normally he wasn't in the least violent. But of course it didn't. I pushed him back, and unbalanced him; he grabbed at me, and suddenly we were rolling about the carpet.

Quest: How stimulating was that?

Officer: Very! We were both panting, and I could feel him getting stiff through his jeans. I was worked up too – in fact I had to change my knickers when I got home afterwards. But I didn't make it easy for him.

Quest: Were you afraid?

Officer: That he'd force me to make love? Yes, I was. That was the most exciting part!

Quest: Go on.

Officer: We finished up with him sitting astride me, pinning down my arms. I could feel my skirt had rucked up, and I was almost bursting out of my bra – I'd even lost a couple of the top buttons of my blouse. That was something else to make a fuss about! But his crotch was right in front of me by now, and he looked absolutely huge. I know trouser bulges are almost always deceptive but that almost took my breath away. His bottom was pressing onto my lap, and I could feel his warmth seeping through. His face looked bright red, and I knew he was as turned on as I was. And then he lifted an arm and reached back. I thought he was going to grope me, and I started to say, 'Don't you dare touch me!' when I realised it wasn't me he was touching. He began to pull down his zip. Then I did start to get genuinely worried. I said, 'What are you doing?' He didn't answer, just finished unzipping, put his hand inside, and pulled it out. That really did take my breath away.

Quest: Hadn't you seen it before?

Officer: I'd hardly seen anyone's before. I'd only made love a couple of times to a fiancé I'd known for years, and we'd always done it in dark places. And this one was enormous – longer than any I've noticed since. It was unusually narrow too, but I wasn't really too aware of that at the time. He took hold of it, and leaned forward over me so that its small shiny tip came closer and closer to my face. I kept saying, 'What do you want? What do you want?' Then he said, 'Suck it. Put it in your mouth, and suck it.'

Quest: Did you want to?

Officer: I didn't really think in that way. I'd never done it before, for anyone, but I just had the feeling that I had to – I didn't have any choice – in case something even more terrible happened. So I opened my mouth, and he slid it between my lips. It tasted so animal – I'll always remember that – ripe and salty. I pulled back, and ran my tongue along the bottom of the shaft, and he groaned. I started to gag. My boyfriend sighed, and rolled off me.

The Mayfair Film Society

Presenting six of the most sensational maids ever to appear in *Mayfair* starring in our very own full colour home movies

OUR SEXY SIX

Blonde, full-breasted Mandy Kuypers (that's her, right) is just one of the sexy six superbirds who appear in our exclusive, full colour 8 mm home movies. Dressed in a thigh-revealing, knicker-flashing leather mini, Mandy plays the part of a randy secretary whose boss just can't keep his mind on his work – or his hands off her tight white knickers which scarcely conceal Mandy's firm, rounded bottom. Everything is revealed as her misadventures leave her bare. And if you find uniforms a turn-on, then you'll fall for air-hostess Sophie, a long-legged brunette whose crisp starched uniform is discarded after an impromptu soaking. And, of course, there's Victoria Jane, enjoying an outdoor romp that leaves her breathless and bare. Remember Penny Mallet? These days she's better known as top model Nina Carter. Now you can see her naked and in motion because we've filmed her in a slinky, shiny, see-through PVC bikini that hides absolutely nothing. Perhaps you like swinging dolly-birds. If so, you'll adore Caroline Dell, a svelte blonde with the sex appeal of a young Monroe. Last, is our sultry black temptress, Sylvia Bayo, whose huge stubby-nippled breasts will arouse all your darkest fantasies.

Mandy, Sophie, Victoria Jane, Penny, Caroline and Sylvia – six of the very best, all lovingly photographed in pin-sharp detail on full colour 8 mm films that you can enjoy again and again. The price is just £10.30 per film, including (P&P). Fill in the coupon below, and send it with your remittance and soon you'll be savouring the finest, freshest and most arousing films ever to feature *Mayfair's* magical maids.

Please tick below the film you require and mail the coupon to **Mayfair Film Society, 95a Chancery Lane, WC2.** All films are £10.30.

	Super 8 only		Super 8 only
Mandy	☐	Caroline	☐
Sophie	☐	Sylvia	☐
Penny	☐	Victoria Jane	☐

Name ..... Address.....

M1810

.....

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon, or send details on plain paper.

Reg. London 875169

INFLATION BEATER

By subscribing to *Mayfair* you can hold the price for a whole year – and that can't be bad in these times of high inflation. And the price of £17.50 ensures that you will receive 12 print-fresh copies, despite any further postal increases. Remember too that this price also means you will receive our usually higher-priced bumper Christmas edition. The special price of £17.50 also applies to overseas subscribers, and for foreign readers is especially excellent value for money. Due to overseas distribution costs and local taxes *Mayfair* on sale on bookstalls abroad is often much more expensive than in the UK. But because internal UK postal rates are so high it costs little or no more to send *Mayfair* abroad. A subscription to *Mayfair* also makes an ideal surprise present for a friend or business acquaintance. So don't delay – post the coupon below now.

To: Mayfair Subscriptions, Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 95a chancery Lane, London WC2 1DZ. Please send to the name and address below the next twelve issues of *Mayfair*, commencing with Vol. No.

I enclose a PO/cheque made payable to 'Fisk Publishing Co Ltd' for £17.50.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Date..... M1810

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon, or send details on plain paper.

Quest: Was the incident ever repeated?

Officer: Not with him. That was the trouble. When a man did dominate me, in a sexual situation, then I'd be frightened he'd do it again, so I'd give him up. I don't blame boyfriends for getting upset.

Quest: You seem very hard on yourself.

Officer: I'm just being honest. Also I'm not like that anymore, or if I am someone puts me right very quickly.

Quest: Your current boyfriend?

Officer: Harold – yes.

Quest: Why are you laughing?

Officer: I shouldn't really – it's just that I never thought in a million years I'd end up

> "He jumped on me from behind, then tore off my dressing gown. I wanted him there and then"

with someone with a name like that. Ignore me. I'm being silly.

Quest: How did you end up with him?

Officer: Harold was my boss when I first joined the firm I'm with. He's left now to start up on his own. I didn't go out with him until I was promoted – in fact our first date was a kind of farewell celebration which ended up in bed.

Quest: Was that intended?

Officer: By me? I suppose it was. I fancied him when I first saw him but I thought he was married. I didn't find out he was divorced until later. He fascinated me. He seemed to be so quiet – he wasn't my idea of a boss at all. But he never had any trouble getting anyone to do exactly what he wanted. It took me ages to realise he was a person who was just at peace with himself. He didn't need to make a big hoo-ha.

Quest: Even about sex?

Officer: He was – he is – a marvellous lover. The trouble was with me.

Quest: Why?

Officer: Because it was so good, so easily. I was convinced something nasty was going to happen – probably prompted by me. So I decided I ought to make it happen, to get it over with. Don't expect me to be logical.

Quest: What did you do?

Officer: I went out with a couple of other people, one from the office.

Quest: Did you have sex with them?

Officer: No, but I let Harold believe I had.

Quest: How?

Officer: Hints. The worst was when an old flame of mine offered me a lift to the West Country one weekend. He had a cottage near where my parents had just retired. I was supposed to be visiting them but I had a quick drink with my ex-boyfriend on the Saturday night. Harold phoned my parents, and they gave him my boyfriend's number. When he rang me there I gave him the impression that I was just about to have a grand night out, and also that I was staying there because my parents' new house was too small and uncomfortable. Harold started asking about how many bedrooms the boyfriend's cottage had. So I told him, quite truthfully, just one. He went very quiet. Then I said, 'Well, I couldn't expect him to drive me all this way for nothing, could I?' He just said goodbye, and put down the phone. I was shaking like a leaf: I felt I'd just done the worst thing in the world. I really thought I was sick – to deliberately ruin something so good. I didn't see him for a week, and by the end of it I'd almost convinced myself it was all for the best. It was better we'd broken up sooner than later. Then one evening he phoned me at home. He was in a call box, and he said he had to talk at once. I'd just stepped out of a bath so I said it was impossible at the moment. He said he didn't care who I had with me or what we were doing he was coming straight round. I'd never heard him sound so angry before.

Quest: How did you feel then?

Officer: Totally confused, frightened too. I just put on my dressing gown, and blow-dried my hair. I'd hardly finished that before the door bell went. When I opened the door Harold stormed in. I thought he'd start searching the place for boyfriends, but he stopped in the middle of the living room and told me to 'Come here.'

Quest: Did you obey?

Officer: I was too terrified not to. Then he looked down at my dressing-gown, and said, 'Get that off!' I didn't know what to do. I was naked underneath, and Harold looked murderous. Then he shouted, 'Take it off, damn you!' and pulled at the cord and yanked the gown down over my shoulders. I really thought he was going to beat me up.

Quest: Did he?

Officer: He told me to go into the bedroom, so I went with my dressing-gown still bunched round my waist. I went through the door, and I must have tripped or Harold pushed me because I suddenly sprawled face down on the bed. All I remember is that I was crying because I knew I'd made him like this. And then he was on me.

Quest: In what way?

Officer: He had me. He jumped on me from behind, and tore away my dressing-gown. And I felt his bare skin against my bottom, and he was squeezing one hand under me, and pawing my breasts, and lifting my bottom, and prising my legs apart with the other.

Quest: He made love to you forcibly?

Officer: But not against my will. I wanted him to, I wanted him to hurt me, to punish me. I wanted him to tear straight into me, and just have me. And he did – he jerked into me, sharp and hard, and I'd thought I'd die, I was so dry. But instead of shooting off straightaway he began to hump, slowly at first then faster as my juices started to flow. And I really hated him because I didn't want to come, I didn't deserve to. And suddenly all my mass of feelings sort of ran together, and all I knew was the glorious feeling inside me, and how I couldn't stop it and didn't want to. I felt him coming too, over and over again.

Quest: Is he still as forceful in bed?

Officer: Only when I want him to be. He doesn't need to be. I don't need anything proved any more.

Quest: Thank you.

Aslan's Angels

She was my prisoner,
Bound by my passion,
Unable to resist the strength of my wooing.
Helpless she stood there,
Fettered by her feelings,
It was the strength of those bonds that led to her undoing.

Leslie Patterson (1889-1941)

I'll keep you company

SPECIAL DOUBLE OFFER! Enjoy them both for the bargain price of only £3.50

You don't need to make a choice. Have both calendar and diary at this special price

Don't miss your chance to order the 1984 *Mayfair* calendar. Containing a dozen of our most delightful dollies, superbly photographed, it costs just £1.95 including postage and discreet packing. Or if you can't bear to be parted from our lovely ladies for a second, why not carry them around with you in the 1984 *Mayfair* diary at just £1.80. Go on, treat yourself today.

Mayfair Calendar/Diary Offer, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. Please send me
...1984 *Mayfair* Calendars at £1.95 each
...1984 *Mayfair* Diaries at £1.80 each
...Special sets of 1984 Calendar and Diary at only £3.50 per set

Name .....

Address .....

.....

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £..... made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd.

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, then photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper.

M1810

Sons of a Gun

continued from page 98

Gatling was very liable to go wrong, and always at the worst possible moment:

The sand of the desert is sodden red,
Red with the wreck of a square that broke,
The Gatlings jammed and the colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with the dust and smoke.

Many military thinkers had a low opinion of the early machine-gun, and this was because of its poor showing in the Franco-Prussian War. The French had developed a secret weapon, the *mitrailleuse*, a machine-gun roughly similar to the Gatling, and believed they had a war-winner. Unfortunately, instead of using it to destroy infantry they tried to employ it as a field gun, pitting it against the Prussian artillery with disastrous results.

All these weapons had to be operated by a crank, and the rate of fire was dependent on the strength of the gunner's arm. When the American, Hiram Maxim, appeared on the scene in 1884 he changed all that, producing a gun which loaded and fired itself by the energy of its own recoil. Originally an inventor of electrical gear, he was told by a fellow countryman, 'Hang your electricity. If you want to make a pile of money, invent something that will allow these Europeans to cut each other's throats with greater facility!' He did just that, and 30 years later the Maxim gun was to destroy the manhood of England, Germany and France in the bloodbath of the First World War.

Overheating has always been a problem with the machine-gun. For every unit of energy which goes to propel the bullet, almost three units are produced as heat. The Gatling gun with its multiple barrels and slow rate of fire had no difficulty to face, but for the modern machine-gun it is indeed a problem.

The Maxim gun and its derivatives had a water jacket around the barrel, but this started to boil after about 600 rounds had been fired, and though a condenser was supplied to deal with the steam the whole thing started to become rather cumbersome.

The modern machine-gun is usually air-cooled with a quick change to replace overheated barrels. This has the advantage of lightness.

Probably the most successful of modern machine-guns was the German MG42, used in the last war, and largely influencing the design of the guns of the eighties. Its most unusual feature was its high rate of fire (some 1,200 rounds per minute). British and American authorities have always believed that high rates of fire are wasteful of ammunition, but though this may be true the MG42 acquired a fearsome reputation with the Allied soldiers unlucky enough to face it.

We have come a long way from the matchlock to the modern self-loading rifle and machine-gun. No longer does the soldier have to worry about damp, or be speedy with his ramrod. No longer does he need to tear cartridges open with his teeth. He has in his hands a precision tool bearing all the hallmarks of twentieth-century metallurgy and science. The modern soldier has no reason to curse his weapon.

Kim Mills

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO MARNOTO

Two of *Mayfair's* most popular covers have featured this delightful lady, 21-year-old Kim Mills. Kim caused such an avalanche of mail when she appeared in her ski-wear on the front of Vol 16 No 2, and in a cheeky pose for Valentine's Day on Vol 17 No 2, that we knew you'd like to see more of her. And we are not her only fans. Cubby Broccoli recognised the talent behind her trim 34-22-34 figure, and selected her to star with Roger Moore in *For Your Eyes Only* (see far right).

The girls you've asked to see

Kim hails from Cannock in Staffordshire, but now has fans all over the country thanks to her appearances on Page Three of *The Sun* a couple of years ago. The reason she stopped appearing in our morning papers is simple. In May 1982 she got married to David Walker, a record producer. Their white wedding in Bloxwich, West Midlands was featured in many of the papers, and Kim was admired in her bridal gown nearly as much as in her more revealing *Sun* photographs. With acting work on the horizon, Kim's modelling appearances are few now, so this set is a rare treat for us indeed.

But if Kim gives up modelling completely it would be a sad loss. She is a charming and co-operative girl, as *Mayfair* editor, Kenneth Bound, recalled from her Vol 17 No 2 appearance. 'She had to spend some time with a heart painted on her right buttock, and a sucker tipped arrow stuck in the middle,' he remembered. 'Not the easiest of poses, but she never complained. She was even good enough to let me paint on the heart!'

LETTERS

continued from page 13

should take heed of one warning. Beware of the post coital cigarette.

I offer this advice following an incident that happened to me whilst I was staying with my girlfriend in a guest house in Eastbourne.

We had been dying to go away together for some time but were mutually worried about the Mr and Mrs Smith element of that kind of weekend away. When we arrived at the guest house our worst suspicions were fulfilled. The owner who was a 70-year-old widow looked at us very severely, but eventually went along with our stammered story.

We had arrived at about 8pm, and so were keen to go to bed for a night of carnal activity, which again surprised our elderly proprietor. I think she was equally shocked when she heard a good deal of giggling and creaking bed-springs at that comparatively early hour. Then after our initial romp, we lay back and had a cigarette. Unfortunately as my girlfriend lay on top of me she caught the tip of her B and H on the pillow. The nylon pillow case quickly developed a gaping hole, and we rushed to get to the tap to pour water on it before the whole foam filled pillow went up.

Both of us were scampering around the room starkers trying to transfer water from the sink to the bed with the only containers at our disposal, our hands, Naturally we were laughing a good deal, and there was a considerable smell of scorched fabric. It was at this moment our hostess decided to walk in. She said she knocked but we didn't hear her. She just stood there staring at the scene of two nude firemen putting handfuls of water on her smoking pillow. Finally, she said, 'There's some tea downstairs – when you're ready.' We never did discover quite what she thought we were doing, and we certainly didn't have the nerve to face her over tea.

LAB, Nottingham

It sounds like it is all too easy for dreams of passion to go up in smoke, but thanks for the tip nevertheless.

Having spent the last five years in Tokyo running my own import and export business, I am finding it hard adjusting to a sex life without the pleasures of an oriental girl's body.

The oriental woman's body is, in my opinion, far superior to that of her occidental counterpart. Her breasts, although usually petite, are firm and well-rounded with pert, dark nipples. Her fanny is a wonderland of sexual pleasure, crowned at the top with a square covering of straight, long pubic hair, but bald beneath her legs revealing dark and inviting lips that just plead to be parted.

Perhaps you could bring back sweet memories for me, and show other *Mayfair* readers what they are missing by doing a feature on oriental women – or better still a whole series of features.

D Johnstone, Iver, Bucks

What fond memories you have. That is quite an education for those of us who still think the orient is just a football team.

What an intriguing set, *The Lady and the Butler* was in Vol 18 No 8. But does it ever happen? As a retired butler I can tell you that just now and again it does.

I used to work for a well respected family who had a house in Kensington. At all times the older members of the family behaved with the utmost decorum, but unfortunately their 18-year-old daughter was rather more mischievous. In fact she was prone to all sorts of riotous behaviour with her young friends. Quite often she would come in less than sober, and almost anything could happen.

One such occasion was after she had been to a ball in Chelsea, returning to the house at about 3am. I knew she would be late, and she trusted my discretion (her parents didn't really approve of her behaviour), so I waited up for her. Her arrival was heralded by some scrabbling at the door. She couldn't get the key in so I opened it for her. 'Thank you, Travers,' (name changed) she said. Her hair was awry; she was wearing a low cut pink satin dress and her left boob was nearly falling out. As she walked in she fell in my arms, and I tried to behave coolly. Half carrying her I took her to her bedroom. Her arms were around my neck, and I could feel those breasts pushing into me, but I had learned not to respond. When we were

turn to page 110

TEAC – leaders in tape technology. The ultimate deck for your hi fi system is only available from one of these specialist stockists.

AVON
Paul Green, Bath
Tel: (0225) 316197
C. Milson & Son, Bath
Tel: (0225) 22183
F. H. Moss, Bath
Tel: (0225) 21450
Radford Hi Fi, Bristol
Tel: (0272) 40878
Radford Hi Fi,
(Hi Fi Markets)
Bristol
Tel: (0272) 428248
Audio Bristol, Bristol
Tel: (0272) 291931

BEDFORDSHIRE
Anglia Audio Bedford,
Bedford
Tel: (0234) 57713
Luton Disco & Lighting,
Luton
Tel: (0582) 391021

BERKSHIRE
B & B Hi Fi, Reading
Tel: (0734) 583730
D. Coles & Co.,
Maidenhead
Tel: (0628) 26755

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
Hughes Hi Fi,
High Wycombe
Tel: (0494) 30138

CAMBRIDGESHIRE
Audio Services,
Cambridge
Tel: (0223) 68305
Cambridge Audio,
Cambridge
Tel: (0223) 60442
Campkins, Cambridge
Tel: (0223) 312240

CORNWALL
E.T.S., Truro
Tel: (0872) 79809
E.T.S., Helston
Tel: (032 65) 3285
E.T.S., Camborne
Tel: (0209) 712344
E.T.S., Penzance
Tel: (0736) 4274
E.T.S., St. Ives
Tel: (0736) 795101
G & G Thorpe,
St. Austell
Tel: (0726) 5400

CLEVELAND
R.S.C., Middlesbrough
Tel: (0642) 247096

DERBYSHIRE
Active Audio, Derby
Tel: (0332) 380385

DEVON
Homesound, Exeter
Tel: (0392) 72814
Peter Russells,
Plymouth
Tel: (0752) 669511
Framptons, Plymouth
Tel: (0752) 60264

EAST SUSSEX
The Tape Shop,
Brighton
Tel: (0273) 60909
Jeffries Hi Fi,
Eastbourne
Tel: (0323) 31336
Hove Tele-Radio, Hove
Tel: (0273) 70202/770202

ESSEX
Craig Hi Fi, Romford
Tel: (01) 508 2715
Audio Time,
Barkingside
Tel: (01) 550 2856
Cantelec Hi Fi,
Chelmsford
Tel: (0245) 84444
Essex Hi Fi Centre,
Hadleigh
Tel: (0702) 558339/
557490
Hyperfi Limited,
Barking
Tel: (01) 591 6962
K. A. Cheeseman,
Colchester
Tel: (0206) 5921

GLOUCESTERSHIRE
Robbs, Gloucester
Tel: (0452) 20518
Robbs, Cheltenham
Tel: (0242) 584404
Robbs, Stroud
Tel: (04536) 2753

GREATER MANCHESTER
Ashton Audio,
Ashton under Lyne
Tel: (061) 330 5730
Bespoke Audio,
Stockport
Tel: (061) 456 8515
Fairbotham & Co.,
Stockport
Tel: (061) 480 0872
J. Koczur, Rochdale
Tel: (0706) 42107
JMB Electronics, Hyde
Tel: (061) 368 1879
LPM, Urmston
Tel: (061) 747 9722
Swifts of Wilmslow,
Tel: (0625) 52613
The Sound Centre
Altrincham
Tel: (061) 928 3195
Ward & Williams,
Romiley
Tel: (061) 430 2934
X Lent,
Chorlton-cum-Hardy
Tel: (061) 881 2617

GWENT
Hi Fi Western, Newport
Tel: (0633) 62790
E. J. Edwards & Son,
Tredegar
Tel: (049) 525 2288

HAMPSHIRE
Tru Fi (TV Centre
Earlsfield),
Aldershot
Tel: (0252) 26390
Hopkins Hi Fi,
Portsmouth
Tel: (0705) 822155
H.A.T.V., Christchurch
Tel: (0202) 473901
Hamilton Electronics,
Southampton
Tel: (0703) 28622
Bryants Hi Fi, Aldershot
Tel: (0252) 20728
KLW Cook, Andover
Tel: (0264) 3573

HEREFORD & WORCS
C & P Sound Systems,
Malvern
Tel: (06845) 3607
Johnsons Sound
Services,
Worcester
Tel: (0905) 25740

HERTFORDSHIRE
W Darby & Co.,
T.V. Ltd,
St. Albans
Tel: (0727) 50961
Audiopower Ltd.,
Watford
Tel: (0923) 26169
Photosound Vantage,
Bishop Stortford
Tel: (0279) 55780
Spectrum, Letchworth
Tel: (046 26) 79548
Russells Radio, Watford
Tel: (94) 32717

HUMBERSIDE
A-Z Radio, Hull
Tel: (0482) 508021
R.S.C., Hull
Tel: (0482) 20505

KENT
Canterbury Hi Fi,
Canterbury
Tel: (0227) 65315
Standens
(Tonbridge) Ltd.,
Tel: (0732) 353540
H.C. & C. Coppins,
Welling
Tel: (01) 303 5431
IW Hi Fi Consultants,
Sittingbourne
Tel: (0795) 71417
S M Electronics,
Beckenham
Tel: (01) 650 4701
Sound Systems,
Bromley
Tel: (01) 460 4000
Michael Stevens,
Bromley
Tel: (01) 464 4157
Paragon Hi Fi,
Folkestone
Tel: (0303) 55306

LANCASHIRE
Darwen Hi Fi, Darwen
Tel: (0254) 75201
Record Centre,
Poulton Le Fylde
Tel: (0253) 886163

LEICESTERSHIRE
Alpha, Leicester
Tel: (0533) 58597
Leicester Hi Fi Centre,
Leicester
Tel: (0533) 667801
Mays Hi Fi, Leicester
Tel: (0533) 58662
Design Stereo,
Leicester
Tel: (0533) 541338

LINCOLNSHIRE
The Critics Choice,
Lincoln
Tel: (0522) 38718

LONDON
M. O'Brian
(Hi Fi Specialists),
SW19
Tel: (01) 946 1528
Francis of Streatham,
SW16
Tel: (01) 769 0466
Atkins Radio, SW2
Tel: (01) 674 4433
Nicholls Hi Fi, SE12
Tel: (01) 852 5780
Hi Way Hi Fi, W2
Tel: (01) 723 5251
Sound Sense, W2
Tel: (01) 560 0194
Sona Electronics, W5
Tel: (01) 402 2100
South Ealing
Electronics, W5
Tel: (01) 560 0194
Chelsea Hi Fi, SW3
Tel: (01) 352 2596
Crouch End Hi Fi, N8
Tel: (01) 348 3722
McDonald Stores, W1
Tel: (01) 636 2877
Bartletts, N7
Tel: (01) 607 2296
Analog Audio, N12
Tel: (01) 445 1443
Kimberleys, E12
Tel: (01) 478 1176
Myers Audio, E17
Tel: (01) 520 7277
Goodwins, N22
Tel: (01) 888 0077
Trend Video & Hi Fi,
E17
Tel: (01) 521 6146
Sound Information,
SW11
Tel: (01) 228 7126/
(01) 223 5532
Spatial Hi Fi, W1
Tel: (01) 637 8702
Budget Sound Systems,
W1
Tel: (01) 636 5974
Atlantic Electronics,
NW10
Tel: (01) 451 0302/
(01) 451 4298

MERSEYSIDE
P & A Audio, Crosby
Tel. (051) 931 3695

NORFOLK
Scarfe Audio Visual,
Norwich
Tel: (0603) 22833

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE
Haywood & Haywood
Hi Fi,
Corby
Tel: (05366) 61166
Richard Reeves,
Northampton
Tel: (0604) 33578

NORTH YORKSHIRE
Dennis Tasker,
Harrogate
Tel: (0423) 500333

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE
Nick Dakin, Nottingham
Tel: (0602) 783862
Forum Hi Fi (Notts),
Sherwood, Nottingham
Tel: (0602) 622150

OXFORDSHIRE
Foreways Services,
Headington, Oxford
Tel: (0865) 68472
Astley Audio Centre,
Wallingford
Tel: (0491) 39305
O E R, Oxford
Tel: (0865) 53072

SCOTLAND
Audio Aids, Edinburgh
Tel: (031) 226 3979
Audio Aids, Edinburgh
Tel: (031) 667 2877
The Music Room,
Glasgow
Tel: (041) 221 2527
Thistle T.V., Aberdeen
Tel: (0224) 52172
Telemech Audio Video
Engineers,
Aberdeen
Tel: (0224) 574248

SHROPSHIRE
Avon Hi Fi, Shrewsbury
Tel: (0753) 55166

SOMERSET
Watts Radio, Somerton
Tel: (0458) 72440
Yeovil Audio,
Tel: (0935) 25430
Homesound, Taunton
Tel: (0823) 73321
Burnham Audio Visual,
Burnham-on-Sea
Tel: (0278) 789766
F F & F Audio Visual,
Highbridge
Tel: (0278) 787857

SOUTH GLAMORGAN
Houlden Hi Fi, Cardiff
Tel: (0222) 44011

STAFFORDSHIRE
E & N French,
Tamworth
Tel: (0827) 892252
R.T.T.S. Electronics,
Lichfield
Tel: (05432) 22877

SUFFOLK
Hessette Hi Fi
(Anglia Audio),
Bury St. Edmunds
Tel: (0359) 70212

SURREY
Cosmic Radio,
Addlestone
Tel: (0932) 54552
Burnham Audio Visual,
Walton on Thames
Tel: (09322) 46050
Surbiton Park Radio Ltd.,
Kingston Upon Thames
Tel: (01) 546 5549
Unilet Products Ltd.,
New Malden
Tel: (01) 942 9567
Oakey & Lee, Epsom,
Tel. (03727) 26555
P J Equipment,
Guildford
Tel: (0483) 504801
Landau Brothers Ltd.,
Carshalton
Tel: (01) 644 445
Alan Laurenson,
Reigate
Tel. (07372) 24649
Berrylands, Surbiton
Tel. (01) 390 0486

WARWICKSHIRE
A.R. Stringer,
Chapel End,
Nr. Nuneaton
Tel: (0203) 392430

WEST MIDLANDS
Audio Tech, Warley
Tel. (021) 558 4444
Bats of Birmingham,
Coventry Road,
Sheldon
Tel: (021) 742 6311
Bats of Birmingham,
Corporation Street
Tel: (021) 236 2139
Hocken Sound Ltd.,
Stirchley
Tel: (021) 459 4242
Norman H Field,
Birmingham
Tel: (021) 622 2323
Perfect Electronics
Ltd., Birmingham
Tel: (021) 328 1497
Forum Hi Fi Centre,
Yardley
Tel: (021) 707 3640
Forum Hi Fi Centre,
Coventry
Tel: (0203) 21218
A & D Sounds,
Sutton Coldfield
Tel: (021) 355 2054
Karma Audio Visual,
Wolverhampton
Tel: (0902) 773338
R.S.C., Coventry
Tel: (0203) 25983
R.S.C., Birmingham
Tel: (021) 236 1279

WEST SUSSEX
Jaysound Electrical
(Audio),
Bognor Regis
Tel: (0243) 826355

WEST YORKSHIRE
Eric Wiley,
Castleford
Tel: (09775) 3066
R.S.C. Ltd., Pudsey
Tel: (0532) 458252
Erricks, Bradford
Tel: (0274) 309266
Goff Jackson, Leeds
Tel: (0532) 781513
R.S.C. Ltd., Leeds
Tel: (0532) 458252

WILTSHIRE
L J Rutter, Devizes
Tel: (0380) 2268
Salisbury Hi Fi,
Tel: (0722) 29438
P R Sounds, Melksham
Tel: (0225) 708045

TEAC®

LETTERS

continued from page 108

in her bedroom, she fell onto the bed. Her grip around my neck was so tight that I went as well. She giggled, and I got up as soon as I could release myself. Then she tried to stand up. She couldn't really manage, and said, 'Travers, I think I am going to need some help undressing.' 'Certainly, madam,' I replied though I must confess that the prospect quite excited me.

First she kicked off her shoes, white high heels they were, and I tied them in a corner. Then I started to unzip her dress from behind. As it undid, I could see over her shoulder more and more of her firm boobs, then I slipped it off her shoulders. I tried to appear impassive as those bare breasts poked out, wobbling as she moved. Slowly it dropped to the floor, and she sat down to step out of it. I hung it up in the wardrobe.

When I turned round again she was lying on the bed, her legs spreadeagled. She was wearing tiny black panties, and to my surprise, black stockings and suspenders. Springy little hairs jutted out of her pants, and her large bare boobs were now flat against her chest. I thought she was asleep, so I muttered that I would leave her if she liked. Slowly she sat up again and asked me to give her a hand with her suspender belt. I'd not unclipped one of those for years, and I admit my fingers trembled with some excitement as I did so, those pubes staring me straight in the face. But I managed it, and as I stood up, she presented me with a long stockinged leg. Holding it, I stood between her legs, and reached up to roll her stocking down. As I touched the bare flesh between her stocking top and her knickers she let out a sigh, and I wished that the situation was a different one. I rolled it all the way down, pulling it off her shapely foot, then repeated the process with the other one. I was only half way down when she leaned forward and began to pull down her panties.

I was only a couple of feet from her bush, and it was a lovely sight. Plump and warm, a bed of blonde hair, and just visible her lips looked so inviting. I put down her leg, and let her roll them off herself. The effort was too much, and she keeled over, and fell asleep. I carefully placed her legs on the bed and departed. There were some very unbutler-like thoughts going through my mind, I can tell you. The next day, she was her normal chirpy self, barely remembering the incident, or at least so I thought. Just before, she left for another spree, she came up to me, and whispered, 'Thank you,' and kissed me on the cheek. Fortunately the master and mistress didn't see.

(Name and address withheld)

Your Vol 18 No 8 was superb, and I'm sure will be a real collectors' item in years to come. While Jackie Jones and Stephanie Wiggins were, of course, superb, I'd like to complement you on Linda Bedford the coach courier from Wilmslow. Her figure was really great, and the photo of her on page 82 easing her undershirt down below her bum was truly erotic.

Secondly your feature on mild forms of bondage reminded me of an incident last year. I'd been out for the evening with a girl from work, and arriving back at her home, we of course fancied a bit of foreplay in the car. At her suggestion I'd kept my seat belt on so that my movements were restricted. This allowed her to gently explore my ear with her tongue, and then squeeze me lower down with her hand. To be at her mercy like that really turned both of us on, and we had a great night together in bed later.

RT, Blackburn

I am 22-years-old and have been happily married for two years. Both my husband and I enjoy reading your magazine especially about the things that couples get up to, but unknown to him I have developed a secret desire to have a stranger on top of me. In fact this desire has increased so much that I've found myself giving the eye to any handsome man I've encountered, not that I have met many being tied down with a young baby.

However, one day a few weeks ago, my washing machine broke down and the man who came to repair it was really super. He must have been about 30, he was bronzed and really handsome. The very moment I saw him at the door, I knew my chance had come, I wanted him, and it was now or never.

I made him coffee, and before I

turn to page 114

We are proud to announce that *Best of Mayfair No 3* will be available at newsagents from Sept. 28, price £1.60. Don't miss this unique distillation of our very best: gorgeous girls, jokes, fiction and features.

CARRIE

Carrie's parts refresh the roles others strive for

OUT!
ITIONS
ODAY
WAY
OUT
Contract
I UNDERTAKE TO
PLAY THE LEAD
IN ~~MACBETH~~
The MAYFAIR
VIDEO
SIGNED
Carrie
STEVE KINGSTON

LETTERS

continued from page 110

sat down at the table, I undid two buttons of my blouse to reveal my cleavage. The conversation soon became quite suggestive, and as he got up from the table to get on with his work he said that he wondered what my legs were like. Without any further encouragement, I went to the bedroom to change into the shortest skirt I could find. I also put on my flimsiest panties, removed my bra, and changed my blouse for a very thin one that I didn't even bother to do up. I polished it off with some make-up and some perfume. I even laid out a condom by the bed, because I knew he wouldn't bother to be careful. I looked at myself in the mirror, then at the bed, excited at the thought that I would soon be back there making love or so I hoped.

I went back into the kitchen, and took the cups across to the sink. He was behind me in an instant, pressing me against the sink with his body. His hands played over me, then onto my breasts rubbing them expertly in a way I had never experienced before. Then my heart beat faster and I had a pang of guilt. I thought of my husband, and just panicked. I ran through to the bedroom. Had he followed, I don't know whether I would have submitted or not, but he didn't. Instead I just sat on the bed until I regained my senses. Then I realised that I still wanted him.

After a few minutes he called through. He had finished his work, and wanted me to sign a form. I walked through the kitchen dressed exactly as I was before. I stood before him, unzipped my skirt, and let it fall to the floor. Not a word was spoken between us. After a few seconds, I turned towards the bedroom, but instead he took me, and bent me forward on the table. Without taking down my knickers or taking off his trousers, he just drove his shaft straight in, paused and began his stroke. After only a couple of long, smooth strokes, he came inside me. Before I could gather what was happening he had withdrawn, picked up his bag and disappeared. Talk about it all being a terrible anti-climax.

It just goes to show that some things you read about are best kept as fantasies. It's much more fun that way.

(Name and address withheld)

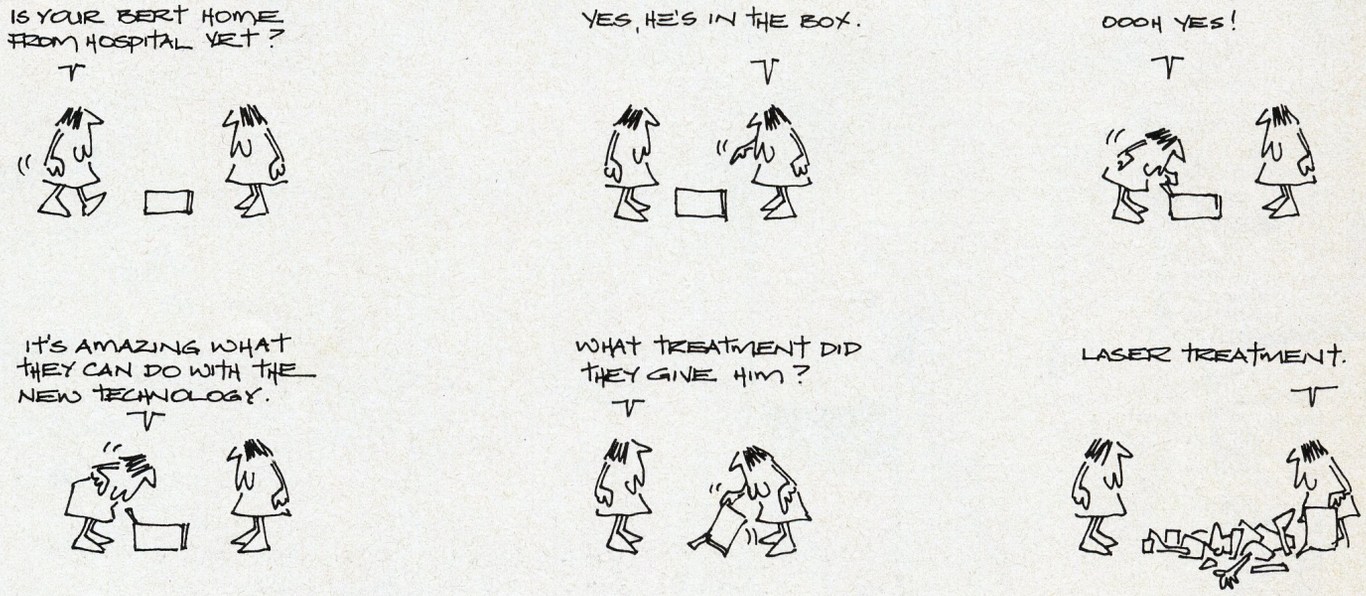
I was amused to see in a recent edition of *Mayfair* that reached us, that you included that well known piece of Falklands graffiti, 'That's another fine mess you've gotten me into, Stanley.' As a member of 2 Para, I can vouch for its authenticity. We greatly appreciated your magazine when we were out there, and there are enough humorous incidents to come out of the conflict to write a feature of our own. But I thought that I'd relate another one that happened to us in that other trouble spot we are often called out to, Northern Ireland.

One of the biggest problems there is car bombs, and it is standard practice in Belfast to leave your name and an address on the windscreen of the car if you intend to leave it anywhere for some time, to avoid suspicion. Consequently when we saw a brand new Cortina parked for several days outside a house with no name and address, we were worried.

We had knocked on several doors trying to discover the owner, but failed, so we had agreed that it was a possible bomb, and had to be blown up safely. This being quite a spectacular sight, the news cameras, were out watching us and filming the setting up. We laid charges, and with a tremendous bang, blew three-quarters of the car boot away. It was not a bomb. However another bombshell did hit us. Immediately after the explosion, a half naked man clutching his trousers which he was trying to do up, ran towards us shouting, 'My car, my car, what have you done to my car?' We explained the situation. Angrily, he explained *his* situation. He was having an affair with this lady, nearby, and had been shagging solidly for the last three days. The film crew happily recorded the lot, and an edited version went out on the news. Sadly his wife saw it, we're told, and the explosion that followed was far bigger than ours!

So watch out if you're bent on sexual conquest in Belfast.

(Name and address withheld)

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

CAZ